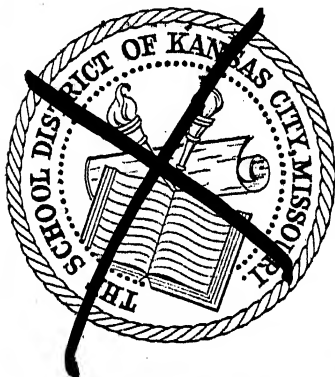


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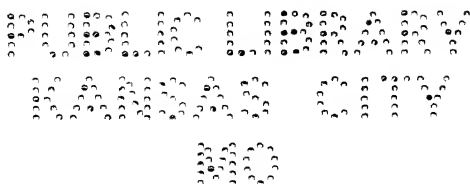


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THE WORKS OF  
EUGENE FIELD

Vol. III



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YIABRII CLERIN  
YTIO BAZHAI

OR



TELLING THE BEES

# BEES IN VERSE FIELD

"O bees, sing soft, and bees, sing low,"

Drawn by Orson Lowell

THE BEE'S

1881 • 1882 • 1883

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THE WRITINGS IN  
PROSE AND VERSE  
OF EUGENE FIELD



SECOND BOOK  
OF VERSE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S  
SONS, NEW YORK, 1899

YSAASU 3.18.94  
YTD 2.20.94  
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JULIA SUTHERLAND FIELD.

A LITTLE bit of a woman came  
Athwart my path one day ;  
So tiny was she that she seemed to be  
A pixy strayed from the misty sea,  
Or a wandering greenwood fay.

“ Oho, you little elf ! ” I cried,  
“ And what are you doing here ?  
So tiny as you will never do  
For the brutal rush and hullabaloo  
Of this practical world, I fear. ”

“ Voice have I, good sir, ” said she. —  
“ ’T is soft as an Angel’s sigh,  
But to fancy a word of yours were heard  
In all the din of this world’s absurd ! ”  
Smiling, I made reply.

“ Hands have I, good sir, ” she quoth. —  
“ Marry, and that have you !  
But amid the strife and the tumult rife  
In all the struggle and battle for life,  
What can those wee hands do ? ”

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said. —

"Sooth, you have," quoth I,

"And tears shall flow therefrom, I trow,  
And they betimes shall dim with woe,  
As the hard, hard years go by !"

That little bit of a woman cast

Her two eyes full on me,

And they smote me sore to my inmost core,  
And they hold me slaved forevermore, —  
Yet would I not be free !

That little bit of a woman's hands

Reached up into my breast,

And rent apart my scoffing heart, —  
And they buffet it still with such sweet art  
As cannot be expressed.

That little bit of a woman's voice

Hath grown most wondrous dear ;

Above the blare of all elsewhere  
(An inspiration that mocks at care)  
It riseth full and clear.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power

That makes me wholly thine ;

And I'm proud to say that I bless the day  
When a little woman wrought her way  
Into this life of mine !

## INTRODUCTION

EUGENE FIELD

A HOMESPUN, homely, humorous, tender man is dear to human nature; and when such a man is brightened by genius he becomes inestimable. We find in him both heaven and earth — our aspirations and ourselves; and simply by living with us he makes us happier and better men. Of the American breed of such benefactors, Abraham Lincoln is the largest and completest type. His destiny was the mightiest that can fall to a man, and his achievement matched it: but we love him even more than we admire and wonder at him, because the humblest of us find in him so much that belongs to us. We have part in his aims, in his difficulties, and in his victories, by dint of the spontaneous sympathy he awakens in us. And the same qualities in kind that

## INTRODUCTION

make the world love Lincoln, make all who knew Field love him.

But his death is too recent for me to have attained a mood in which to make a cool and balanced analysis of him. It will always be so. I miss him more since the lapse of these few months than I did at the first shock of the news that he was gone. We bury little losses; but the great ones become a sort of dwelling-place for the memory, and our continual resort. There is nothing morbid or barren there. When I think of my friend, all the hours that we spent and the words that we spoke together re-create him in my mind and heart, till I hear his very voice and see his face again. While he still lived among us, these memories were less vivid, because I hoped to see him soon once more, and slighted the past in anticipation of the future. But now that the past is all I have, I value it as does the shipwrecked sailor the fragments of his vessel, from which he must build a raft to bear him to the untravelled seas.

He was the most cheerful and wholesome of companions; because, though he must



## INTRODUCTION

have endured his full share of human anxieties and responsibilities, yet he regarded himself so little, and others so much, that he was constantly out-of-doors as it were, in the fresh air and sunshine of charity and sympathy. He would not brood over his troubles, but learned from them how to lighten the troubles of his friends. His sense of humor, too, was of the deeper sort that perceives the eternal law underlying the passing phenomenon, and smiles at the apparent incongruity. Glancing up from the accidents of the street to the immutability of the stars, he found both fun and pathos in the turmoil of those who would limit the play of human destiny to the former. You could not frighten him with worldly misfortunes, because he was a citizen of the universe; and I suspect he may have loved Chicago for its littleness quite as much as for its greatness. He criticised his fellow-townpeople faithfully and stringently to the last, while never even in thought setting himself a hair's breath higher than the humblest of them.

So warm and wide a mind as his could not

## INTRODUCTION

but be creative, and he was observant enough to give his creations distinctness as well as distinction. But a lovely fancy, rising ever and anon to the imaginative height, was perhaps his predominant literary trait. Left to himself, his footsteps always tended towards Fairy Land; and the quaint Gothic bias in him led him to delight in mediæval idioms and orthography. "Madge the Hoyden" could not have been expressed in contemporary English, though her life and fate appeal to the heart of all ages. Field used to tell me that he could not imagine himself writing a "modern" novel: nor, upon reflection, could I. He loved the illuminated missals of the old monks, their black-letter, their massy bindings and clasps, their gargoyles and hobgoblins, and all the mystic extravagance of chivalry. This rich old atmosphere stimulated and pleased him, till you might have thought he had strayed down to us from the Fourteenth Century, with all its habitudes about him. But then, what queer freak of fate was it that conducted this wandering monk or minstrel to a newspaper-office in the most modern of cities,

## INTRODUCTION

and set him to inditing paragraphs of quips and conceits on the doings of to-day and to-morrow? What might not he have accomplished, who did even this so well?

His domestic life, however, was probably the most important factor in his career, as it undoubtedly was in his happiness. How he loved his home folk, and they him! And in his poems and tales you see paramount the sweet and gentle influence of wife, mother, and children. Nothing so nearly perfect in child-literature has ever been written as are many of these exquisite verses of Field. In writing them, he is at once child and poet, son and mother, wife and husband. And what shall we say of his translations of Horace, except that many of them are unsurpassably good? Wide indeed were the scope and orbit of his intelligence and sympathy!

And therefore all that I have here written is inadequate and vain: he was not what I have said, because he was so much more. I cannot compass him. "There's poverty in the love that can be reckoned," and it is partly because he was personally so much to me that I cannot picture him to others.

## INTRODUCTION

The world is better for his brief participation in its fortunes; and the departure of such a man as he must awaken and fix the heavenward hopes of all who knew his manhood, faith, and aim.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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## Second Book of Verse.





## FATHER'S WAY



Y father was no pessimist; he loved  
the things of earth,—

Its cheerfulness and sunshine, its  
music and its mirth.

He never sighed or moped around whenever  
things went wrong,—

I warrant me he'd mocked at fate with some  
defiant song;

But, being he war n't much on tune, when  
times looked sort o' blue,

He'd whistle softly to himself this only tune  
he knew,—



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Now mother, when she heard that tune  
    which father whistled so,  
Would say, "There's something wrong to-  
    day with Ephraim, I know;  
He never tries to make believe he's happy  
    that 'ere way  
But that I'm certain as can be there's some-  
    thin' wrong to pay."  
And so betimes, quite natural-like, to us ob-  
    servant youth  
There seemed suggestion in that tune of  
    deep, pathetic truth.

When Brother William joined the war, a lot  
    of us went down  
To see the gallant soldier boys right gayly  
    out of town.  
A-comin' home, poor mother cried as if her  
    heart would break,  
And all us children, too,—for *hers*, and *not*  
    for *William's* sake!  
But father, trudgin' on ahead, his hands be-  
    hind him so,  
Kept whistlin' to himself, so sort of solemn-  
    like and low.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And when my oldest sister, Sue, was married  
and went West,  
Seemed like it took the tuck right out of  
mother and the rest.  
She was the sunlight in our home,— why,  
father used to say  
It would n't seem like home at all if Sue  
should go away;  
But when she went, a-leavin' us all sorer  
and all tears,  
Poor father whistled lonesome-like — and  
went to feed the steers.

When crops were bad, and other ills befell  
our homely lot,  
He 'd set of nights and try to act as if he  
minded not;  
And when came death and bore away the  
one he worshipped so,  
How vainly did his lips belie the heart be-  
numbed with woe!  
You see the telltale whistle told a mood  
he 'd not admit,—  
He 'd always stopped his whistlin' when he  
thought we noticed it.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I'd like to see that stooping form and hoary  
head again,—  
To see the honest, hearty smile that cheered  
his fellow-men.  
Oh, could I kiss the kindly lips that spake  
no creature wrong,  
And share the rapture of the heart that over-  
flowed with song!  
Oh, could I hear the little tune he whistled  
long ago,  
When he did battle with the griefs he would  
not have *us* know!

## TO MY MOTHER

HOW fair you are, my mother!  
Ah, though 't is many a year  
Since you were here,  
Still do I see your beauteous face,  
And with the glow  
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace  
Of long ago.  
So gentle, too, my mother!  
Just as of old, upon my brow,  
Like benedictions now,  
Falleth your dear hand's touch;  
And still, as then,  
A voice that glads me over-much  
Cometh again,  
My fair and gentle mother!

How you have loved me, mother,  
I have not power to tell,  
Knowing full well

## SECOND BOOK · OF VERSE

That even in the rest above  
It is your will  
To watch and guard me with your love,  
Loving me still.  
And, as of old, my mother,  
I am content to be a child,  
By mother's love beguiled  
From all these other charms;  
So to the last  
Within thy dear, protecting arms  
Hold thou me fast,  
My guardian angel, mother!



## KÖRNER'S BATTLE PRAYER

FATHER, I cry to Thee!  
Round me the billows of battle  
are pouring,  
Round me the thunders of battle are roar-  
ing;  
Father on high, hear Thou my cry,—  
Father, oh, lead Thou me!

Father, oh, lead Thou me!  
Lead me, o'er Death and its terrors victo-  
rious,—  
See, I acknowledge Thy will as all-glorious;  
Point thou the way, lead where it may,—  
God, I acknowledge Thee!

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

God, I acknowledge Thee!  
As when the dead leaves of autumn whirl  
    round me,  
So, when the horrors of war would confound me,  
Laugh I at fear, knowing Thee near,—  
    Father, oh, bless Thou me!

Father, oh, bless Thou me!  
Living or dying, waking or sleeping,  
Such as I am, I commit to Thy keeping:  
    Frail though I be, Lord, bless Thou me!  
    Father, I worship Thee!

Father, I worship Thee!  
Not for the love of the riches that perish,  
But for the freedom and justice we cherish,  
    Stand we or fall, blessing Thee, all —  
    God, I submit to Thee!

God, I submit to Thee!  
Yea, though the terrors of Death pass before  
    me,  
Yea, with the darkness of Death stealing  
    o'er me,  
Lord, unto Thee bend I the knee,—  
    Father, I cry to Thee!

## GOSLING STEW

**I**N Oberhausen, on a time,  
I fared as might a king;  
And now I feel the muse sublime  
Inspire me to embalm in rhyme  
That succulent and sapid thing  
Behight of gentile and of Jew  
A gosling stew!

The good Herr Schmitz brought out his  
best,—

Soup, cutlet, salad, roast,—  
And I partook with hearty zest,  
And fervently anon I blessed  
That generous and benignant host,  
When suddenly dawned on my view  
A gosling stew!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I sniffed it coming on apace,  
And as its odors filled  
The curious little dining-place,  
I felt a glow suffuse my face,  
I felt my very marrow thrilled  
With rapture altogether new,—  
'T was gosling stew!

These callow birds had never played  
In yonder village pond;  
Had never through the gateway strayed,  
And plaintive spissant music made  
Upon the grassy green beyond:  
Cooped up, they simply ate and grew  
For gosling stew!

My doctor said I must n't eat  
High food and seasoned game;  
But surely gosling is a meat  
With tender nourishment replete.  
Leastwise I gayly ate this same;  
I braved dyspepsy — would n't you  
For gosling stew?

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I 've feasted where the possums grow,  
Roast turkey have I tried,  
The joys of canvasbacks I know,  
And frequently I 've eaten crow  
In bleak and chill Novembertide;  
I 'd barter all that native crew  
For gosling stew!

And when from Rhineland I adjourn  
To seek my Yankee shore,  
Back shall my memory often turn,  
And fiercely shall my palate burn  
For sweets I 'll taste, alas! no more,—  
Oh, that mein kleine frau could brew  
A gosling stew!

Vain are these keen regrets of mine,  
And vain the song I sing;  
Yet would I quaff a stoup of wine  
To Oberhausen auf der Rhine,  
Where fared I like a very king:  
And here 's a last and fond adieu  
To gosling stew!

## CATULLUS TO LESBIA

COME, my Lesbia, no repining;  
Let us love while yet we may!  
Suns go on forever shining;  
But when we have had our day,  
Sleep perpetual shall o'ertake us,  
And no morrow's dawn awake us.

Come, in yonder nook reclining,  
Where the honeysuckle climbs,  
Let us mock at Fate's designing,  
Let us kiss a thousand times!  
And if they shall prove too few, dear,  
When they 're kissed we 'll start anew, dear!

And should any chance to see us,  
Goodness! how they 'll agonize!  
How they 'll wish that they could be us,  
Kissing in such liberal wise!  
Never mind their envious whining;  
Come, my Lesbia, no repining!

JOHN SMITH

TO-DAY I strayed in Charing Cross, as  
wretched as could be,  
With thinking of my home and friends across  
the tumbling sea;  
There was no water in my eyes, but my  
spirits were depressed,  
And my heart lay like a sodden, soggy  
doughnut in my breast.  
This way and that streamed multitudes, that  
gayly passed me by;  
Not one in all the crowd knew me, and not  
a one knew I.  
“Oh for a touch of home!” I sighed; “oh  
for a friendly face!  
Oh for a hearty hand-clasp in this teeming,  
desert place!”  
And so soliloquizing, as a homesick creature  
will,  
Incontinent, I wandered down the noisy,  
bustling hill,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And drifted, automatic-like and vaguely, into  
Lowe's,  
Where Fortune had in store a panacea for  
my woes.  
The register was open, and there dawned  
upon my sight  
A name that filled and thrilled me with a  
cyclone of delight,—  
The name that I shall venerate unto my  
dying day,  
The proud, immortal signature: "John  
Smith, U. S. A."

Wildly I clutched the register, and brooded  
on that name;  
I knew John Smith, yet could not well identify the same.  
I knew him North, I knew him South, I  
knew him East and West:  
I knew him all so well I knew not which I  
knew the best.  
His eyes, I recollect, were gray, and black,  
and brown, and blue;  
And when he was not bald, his hair was of  
chameleon hue;



SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Lean, fat, tall, short, rich, poor, grave, gay,  
a blonde and a brunette,—

Aha, amid this London fog, John Smith, I  
see you yet!

I see you yet; and yet the sight is all so  
blurred I seem

To see you in composite, or as in a waking  
dream.

Which are you, John? I'd like to know,  
that I might weave a rhyme

Appropriate to your character, your politics,  
and clime.

So tell me, were you "raised" or "reared"?  
your pedigree confess

In some such treacherous ism as "I reckon"  
or "I guess."

Let fall your telltale dialect, that instantly I  
may

Identify my countryman, "John Smith, U.  
S. A."

It's like as not you air the John that lived a  
spell ago

Deown East, where codfish, beans, 'nd *bona-*  
*fide* schoolma'ams grow;

Where the dear old homestead nestles like  
among the Hampshire hills,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And where the robin hops about the cherry-  
boughs, 'nd trills;  
Where Hubbard squash 'nd huckleberries  
grow to powerful size,  
And everything is orthodox from preachers  
down to pies;  
Where the red-wing blackbirds swing 'nd  
call beside the pick'ril pond,  
And the crows air cawin' in the pines uv  
the pasture lot beyond;  
Where folks complain uv bein' poor, because  
their money's lent  
Out West on farms 'nd railroads at the rate  
uv ten per cent;  
Where we ust to spark the Baker girls a-  
comin' home from choir,  
Or a-settin' namin' apples round the roarin'  
kitchen fire;  
Where we had to go to meetin' at least three  
times a week,  
And our mothers learnt us good religious  
Dr. Watts to speak;  
And where our grandmas sleep their sleep —  
God rest their souls, I say;  
And God bless yours, ef you 're that John,  
"John Smith, U. S. A."

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Or, mebbe, Col. Smith, yo' are the gentle-  
man I know  
In the country whar the finest Democrats  
'nd hosses grow;  
Whar the ladies are all beautiful, an' whar  
the crap of cawn  
Is utilized for Burbon, and true awters are  
bawn.  
You 've ren for jedge, and killed yore man,  
and bet on Proctor Knott;  
Yore heart is full of chivalry, yore skin is  
full of shot;  
And I disremember whar I 've met with  
gentlemen so true  
As yo' all in Kaintucky, whar blood an' grass  
are blue,  
Whar a niggah with a ballot is the signal fo'  
a fight,  
Whar the yaller dawg pursues the coon  
throughout the bammy night,  
Whar blooms the furtive possum,—pride  
an' glory of the South!  
And anty makes a hoe-cake, sah, that melts  
within yo' mouth,  
Whar all night long the mockin'-birds are  
warblin' in the trees,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And black-eyed Susans nod and blink at  
every passing breeze,  
Whar in a hallowed soil repose the ashes of  
our Clay,—  
H'yar 's lookin' at yo', Col. "John Smith,  
U. S. A."

Or wuz you that John Smith I knew out  
yonder in the West,—  
That part of our Republic I shall always love  
the best!  
Wuz you him that went prospectin' in the  
spring of '69  
In the Red Hoss Mountain country for the  
Gosh-all-Hemlock mine?  
Oh, how I 'd liked to clasped your hand, an'  
set down by your side,  
And talked about the good old days beyond  
the Big Divide,—  
Of the rackaboar, the snaix, the bear, the  
Rocky Mountain goat,  
Of the conversazzhyony, 'nd of Casey's tab-  
ble dote,  
And a word of them old pardners that stood  
by us long ago,—

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Three-fingered Hoover, Sorry Tom, and Par-  
son Jim, you know!  
Old times, old friends, John Smith, would  
make our hearts beat high again,  
And we 'd see the snow-top mountains like  
we used to see 'em then;  
The magpies would go flutterin' like strange  
sperrits to 'nd fro,  
And we 'd hear the pines a-singin' in the  
ragged gulch below;  
And the mountain brook would loiter like  
upon its windin' way,  
Ez if it waited for a child to jine it in its  
play.  
You see, John Smith, just which you are I  
cannot well recall;  
And, really, I am pleased to think you some-  
how must be all!  
For when a man sojourns abroad awhile, as  
I have done,  
He likes to think of all the folks he left at  
home as one.  
And so they are,—for well you know  
there 's nothing in a name;  
Our Browns, our Joneses, and our Smiths  
are happily the same,—

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

All represent the spirit of the land across the  
sea;

All stand for one high purpose in our country  
of the free.

Whether John Smith be from the South, the  
North, the West, the East,

So long as he 's American, it mattereth not  
the least;

Whether his crest be badger, bear, palmetto,  
sword, or pine,

His is the glory of the stars that with the  
stripes combine.

Where'er he be, whate'er his lot, he's eager  
to be known,

Not by his mortal name, but by his country's  
name alone;

And so, compatriot, I am proud you wrote  
your name to-day

Upon the register at Lowe's, "John Smith,  
U. S. A."

## ST. MARTIN'S LANE

ST. MARTIN'S LANE winds up the hill  
And trends a devious way;  
I walk therein amid the din  
Of busy London day:  
I walk where wealth and squalor meet,  
And think upon a time  
When others trod this saintly sod,  
And heard St. Martin's chime.

But when those solemn bells invoke  
The midnight's slumbrous grace,  
The ghosts of men come back again  
To haunt that curious place:  
The ghosts of sages, poets, wits,  
Come back in goodly train;  
And all night long, with mirth and song,  
They walk St. Martin's Lane.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

There 's Jerrold paired with Thackeray,  
Maginn and Thomas Moore,  
And here and there and everywhere  
Fraserians by the score;  
And one wee ghost that climbs the hill  
Is welcomed with a shout,—  
No king could be revered as he,—  
The *padre*, Father Prout!

They banter up and down the street,  
And clamor at the door  
Of yonder inn, which once has been  
The scene of mirth galore:  
'T is now a lonely, musty shell,  
Deserted, like to fall;  
And Echo mocks their ghostly knocks,  
And iterates their call.

Come back, thou ghost of ruddy host,  
From Pluto's misty shore;  
Renew to-night the keen delight  
Of by-gone years once more;  
Brew for this merry, motley horde,  
And serve the steaming cheer;  
And grant that I may lurk hard by,  
To see the mirth, and hear.



SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Ah, me! I dream what things may seem  
To others childish vain,  
And yet at night 't is my delight  
To walk St. Martin's Lane;  
For, in the light of other days,  
I walk with those I love,  
And all the time St. Martin's chime  
Makes piteous moan above.

## DEAR OLD LONDON

WHEN I was broke in London in the  
fall of '89,  
I chanced to spy in Oxford Street this tanta-  
lizing sign,—  
“A Splendid Horace cheap for Cash!” Of  
course I had to look  
Upon the vaunted bargain, and it was a  
noble book!  
A finer one I 've never seen, nor can I hope  
to see,—  
The first edition, richly bound, and clean as  
clean can be;  
And, just to think, for three-pounds-ten I  
might have had that Pine,  
When I was broke in London in the fall of  
'89!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Down at Nosedà's, in the Strand, I found,  
    one fateful day,  
A portrait that I pined for as only maniac  
    may,—  
A print of Madame Vestris (she flourished  
    years ago,  
Was Bartolozzi's daughter and a thorough-  
    bred, you know).  
A clean and handsome print it was, and  
    cheap at thirty bob,—  
That 's what I told the salesman, as I choked  
    a rising sob;  
But I hung around Nosedà's as it were a  
    holy shrine,  
When I was broke in London in the fall of  
    '89.

At Davey's, in Great Russell Street, were  
    autographs galore,  
And Mr. Davey used to let me con that pre-  
    cious store.  
Sometimes I read what warriors wrote,  
    sometimes a king's command,  
But oftener still a poet's verse, writ in a  
    meagre hand.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Lamb, Byron, Addison, and Burns, Pope,  
Johnson, Swift, and Scott,—  
It needed but a paltry sum to comprehend  
the lot;  
Yet, though Friend Davey marked 'em down,  
what could I but decline?  
For I was broke in London in the fall of '89.

Of antique swords and spears I saw a vast  
and dazzling heap  
That Curio Fenton offered me at prices pass-  
ing cheap;  
And, oh, the quaint old bureaus, and the  
warming-pans of brass,  
And the lovely hideous freaks I found in  
pewter and in glass!  
And, oh, the sideboards, candlesticks, the  
cracked old china plates,  
The clocks and spoons from Amsterdam  
that antedate all dates!  
Of such superb monstrosities I found an  
endless mine  
When I was broke in London in the fall of  
'89.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

O ye that hanker after boons that others idle  
by,—

The battered things that please the soul,  
though they may vex the eye,—

The silver plate and crockery all sanctified  
with grime,

The oaken stuff that has defied the tooth of  
envious Time,

The musty tomes, the speckled prints, the  
mildewed bills of play,

And other costly relics of malodorous  
decay,—

Ye only can appreciate what agony was  
mine

When I was broke in London in the fall  
of '89.

When, in the course of natural things, I go  
to my reward,

Let no imposing epitaph my martyrdoms  
record;

Neither in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, nor any  
classic tongue,

Let my ten thousand triumphs over human  
griefs be sung;

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

But in plain Anglo-Saxon — that he may  
know who seeks

What agonizing pangs I 've had while on  
the hunt for freaks —

Let there be writ upon the slab that marks  
my grave this line:

“ Deceased was broke in London in the fall  
of '89.”

## CORSICAN LULLABY

**B**AMBINO in his cradle slept;  
And by his side his grandam grim  
Bent down and smiled upon the child,  
And sung this lullaby to him,—  
This “ninna and anninia”:

“When thou art older, thou shalt mind  
To traverse countries far and wide,  
And thou shalt go where roses blow  
And balmy waters singing glide —  
So ninna and anninia!

“And thou shalt wear, trimmed up in points,  
A famous jacket edged in red,  
And, more than that, a peakèd hat,  
All decked in gold, upon thy head —  
Ah! ninna and anninia!

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“Then shalt thou carry gun and knife,  
Nor shall the soldiers bully thee;  
Perchance, beset by wrong or debt,  
A mighty bandit thou shalt be —  
So ninna and anninia!

“No woman yet of our proud race  
Lived to her fourteenth year unwed;  
The brazen churl that eyed a girl  
Bought her the ring or paid his head —  
So ninna and anninia!

“But once came spies (I know the thieves!)  
And brought disaster to our race;  
God heard us when our fifteen men  
Were hanged within the market-place —  
But ninna and anninia!

“Good men they were, my babe, and true,—  
Right worthy fellows all, and strong;  
Live thou and be for them and me  
Avenger of that deadly wrong —  
So ninna and anninia!”



## THE CLINK OF THE ICE

NOTABLY fond of music, I dote on a  
sweeter tone  
Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the  
lute has known.  
When I wake at five in the morning with a  
feeling in my head  
Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired  
to bed;  
When a small but fierce volcano vexes me  
sore inside,  
And my throat and mouth are furred with a  
fur that seemeth a buffalo hide,—  
How gracious those dews of solace that over  
my senses fall  
At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy  
brings up the hall!  
Oh, is it the gaudy ballet, with features I  
cannot name,  
That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but  
devouring flame?

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Or is it the midnight supper, eaten before  
we retire,  
That presently by combustion setteth us all  
afire ?  
Or is it the cheery magnum ? — nay, I 'll not  
chide the cup  
That makes the meekest mortal anxious to  
whoop things up :  
Yet, what the cause soever, relief comes  
when we call,—  
Relief with that rapturous clinkety-clink that  
clinketh alike for all.

I 've dreamt of the fiery furnace that was  
one vast bulk of flame,  
And that I was Abednego a-wallowing in  
that same ;  
And I 've dreamt I was a crater, possessed  
of a mad desire  
To vomit molten lava, and to snort big gobs  
of fire ;  
I 've dreamt I was Roman candles and rock-  
ets that fizzed and screamed,—  
In short, I have dreamt the cussedest dreams  
that ever a human dreamed :

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

But all the red-hot fancies were scattered  
quick as a wink  
When the spirit within that pitcher went  
clinking its clinkety-clink.

Boy, why so slow in coming with that gra-  
cious, saving cup?  
Oh, haste thee to the succor of the man who  
is burning up!  
See how the ice bobs up and down, as if it  
wildly strove  
To reach its grace to the wretch who feels  
like a red-hot kitchen stove!  
The piteous clinks it clinks methinks should  
thrill you through and through:  
An erring soul is wanting drink, and he  
wants it p. d. q. !  
And, lo! the honest pitcher, too, falls in so  
dire a fret  
That its pallid form is presently bedewed  
with a chilly sweat.

May blessings be showered upon the man  
who first devised this drink  
That happens along at five A. M. with its rap-  
turous clinkety-clink!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I never have felt the cooling flood go sizzling  
down my throat  
But what I vowed to hymn a hymn to that  
clinkety-clink devote;  
So now, in the prime of my manhood, I polish  
this lyric gem  
For the uses of all good fellows who are  
thirsty at five A. M.,  
But specially for those fellows who have  
known the pleasing thrall  
Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy  
brings up the hall.

## THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME

WHAT though the radiant thoroughfare  
Teems with a noisy throng?  
What though men bandy everywhere  
The ribald jest and song?"  
Over the din of oaths and cries  
Broodeth a wondrous calm,  
And 'mid that solemn stillness rise  
The bells of Notre Dame.

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,  
"Thy weak and erring child;  
And thou, O gentle Mother, pray  
That God be reconciled;  
And on mankind, O Christ, our King,  
Pour out Thy gracious balm,"—  
'T is thus they plead and thus they sing,  
Those bells of Notre Dame.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And so, methinks, God, bending down  
To ken the things of earth,  
Heeds not the mockery of the town  
Or cries of ribald mirth;  
For ever soundeth in His ears  
A penitential psalm,—  
'T is thy angelic voice He hears,  
O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice  
May still forever be  
An intercession to rejoice  
Benign divinity;  
And that thy tuneful grace may fall  
Like dew, a quickening balm,  
Upon the arid hearts of all,  
O bells of Notre Dame!

## LOVER'S LANE, SAINT JO

S AINT JO, Buchanan County,  
Is leagues and leagues away;  
And I sit in the gloom of this rented room,  
And pine to be there to-day.  
Yes, with London fog around me  
And the bustling to and fro,  
I am fretting to be across the sea  
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

I would have a brown-eyed maiden  
Go driving once again;  
And I'd sing the song, as we snailed along,  
That I sung to that maiden then:  
I purposely say, "as we *snailed* along,"  
For a proper horse goes slow  
In those leafy aisles, where Cupid smiles,  
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

From her boudoir in the alders  
    Would peep a lynx-eyed thrush,  
And we 'd hear her say, in a furtive way,  
    To the noisy cricket, "Hush!"  
To think that the curious creature  
    Should crane her neck to know  
The various things one says and sings  
    In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

But the maples they should shield us  
    From the gossips of the place;  
Nor should the sun, except by pun,  
    Profane the maiden's face;  
And the girl should do the driving,  
    For a fellow can't, you know,  
Unless he 's neglectful of what 's quite re-  
    spectful  
    In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

Ah! sweet the hours of springtime,  
    When the heart inclines to woo,  
And it 's deemed all right for the callow  
    wight  
    To do what he wants to do;



SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

But cruel the age of winter,  
When the way of the world says no  
To the hoary men who would woo again  
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo!

In the Union Bank of London  
Are forty pounds or more,  
Which I'm like to spend, ere the month  
shall end,  
In an antiquarian store;  
But I'd give it all, and gladly,  
If for an hour or so  
I could feel the grace of a distant place,—  
Of Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

Let us sit awhile, beloved,  
And dream of the good old days,—  
Of the kindly shade which the maples made  
Round the stanch but squeaky chaise;  
With your head upon my shoulder,  
And my arm about you so,  
Though exiles, we shall seem to be  
In Lover's Lane, Saint Jo.

## CRUMPETS AND TEA

THERE are happenings in life that are  
destined to rise  
Like dear, hallowed visions before a man's  
eyes;  
And the passage of years shall not dim in  
the least  
The glory and joy of our Sabbath-day feast,—  
The Sabbath-day luncheon that 's spread for  
us three,—  
My worthy companions, Teresa and Leigh,  
And me, all so hungry for crumpets and tea.

There are cynics who say with invidious zest  
That a crumpet 's a thing that will never  
digest;  
But I happen to *know* that a crumpet is  
prime  
For digestion, if only you give it its time.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Or if, by a chance, it should *not* quite agree,  
Why, who would begrudge a physician his fee  
For plying his trade upon crumpets and tea?

To toast crumpets quite *à la mode*, I require  
A proper long fork and a proper quick fire;  
And when they are browned, without further  
    ado,

I put on the butter, that soaks through and  
    through.

And meantime Teresa, directed by Leigh,  
Compounds and pours out a rich brew for  
    us three;  
And so we sit down to our crumpets — and  
    tea.

A hand-organ grinds in the street a weird  
    bit,—

Confound those Italians! I wish they would  
    quit

Interrupting our feast with their dolorous airs,  
Suggestive of climbing the heavenly stairs.

(It's thoughts of the future, as all will agree,  
That we fain would dismiss from our bosoms  
    when we

Sit down to discussion of crumpets and tea!)

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The Sabbath-day luncheon whereof I now  
speak

Quite answers its purpose the rest of the  
week;

Yet with the next Sabbath I wait for the bell  
Announcing the man who has crumpets to  
sell;

Then I scuttle downstairs in a frenzy of glee,  
And purchase for sixpence enough for us  
three,

Who hunger and hanker for crumpets and  
tea.

But soon—ah! too soon—I must bid a fare-  
well

To joys that succeed to the sound of that  
bell,

Must hie me away from the dank, foggy  
shore

That 's filled me with colic and—yearnings  
for more!

Then the cruel, the heartless, the conscience-  
less sea

Shall bear me afar from Teresa and Leigh  
And the other twin friendships of crumpets  
and tea.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Yet often, ay, ever, before my wan eyes  
That Sabbath-day luncheon of old shall arise.  
My stomach, perhaps, shall improve by the  
change,  
Since crumpets it seems to prefer at long  
range;  
But, oh, how my palate will hanker to be  
In London again with Teresa and Leigh,  
Enjoying the rapture of crumpets and tea!

AN IMITATION OF DR. WATTS

THROUGH all my life the poor shall find  
In me a constant friend;  
And on the meek of every kind  
My mercy shall attend.

The dumb shall never call on me  
In vain for kindly aid;  
And in my hands the blind shall see  
A bounteous alms displayed.

In all their walks the lame shall know  
And feel my goodness near;  
And on the deaf will I bestow  
My gentlest words of cheer.

'T is by such pious works as these,  
Which I delight to do,  
That men their fellow-creatures please,  
And please their Maker too.

## MODJESKY AS CAMEEL

AFORE we went to Denver we had heerd  
the Tabor Grand,  
Allowed by critics ez the finest opry in the  
land;  
And, roundin' up at Denver in the fall of '81,  
Well heeled in p'int uv looker 'nd a-pinin' for  
some fun,  
We told Bill Bush that we wuz fixed quite  
comf'table for wealth,  
And had n't struck that altitood entirely for  
our health.  
You see we knew Bill Bush at Central City  
years ago;  
(An' a whiter man than that same Bill you  
could not wish to know!)

Bill run the Grand for Tabor, 'nd he gin us  
two a deal  
Ez how we really otter see Modjesky ez  
Cameel.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Three-Fingered Hoover stated that he'd great  
deal ruther go  
To call on Charley Simpson than frequent a'  
opry show.

"The queen uv tradegy," sez he, "is wot  
I've never seen,  
And I reckon there is more for *me* in some  
other kind uv queen."

"Git out!" sez Bill, disgusted-like, "and  
can't you never find

A pleasure in the things uv life wich ellervates  
the mind?

You 've set around in Casey's restauraw a  
year or more,

An' heerd ol' Vere de Blaw perform shuf  
doovers by the score,

Only to come down here among us *tong* an'  
say you feel

You 'd ruther take in faro than a' opry like  
'Cameel'!"

But it seems it wur n't no opry, but a sort  
uv foreign play,

With a heap uv talk an' dressin' that wuz  
both *deholly* tay.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

A young chap sparks a gal, who 's caught a  
dook that 's old an' wealthy,—  
She has a cold 'nd faintin' fits, and is gin'rally  
onhealthy.  
She says she has a record; but the young  
chap does n't mind,  
And it looks ez if the feller wuz a proper  
likely kind  
Until his old man sneaks around 'nd makes  
a dirty break,  
And the young one plays the sucker 'nd gives  
the girl the shake.  
“Armo! Armo!” she hollers; but he flings  
her on the floor,  
And says he ain'ter goin' to have no truck  
with her no more.

At that Three-Fingered Hoover says, “I 'll  
chip into this game,  
And see if Red Hoss Mountain cannot recon-  
struct the same.  
I won't set by an' see the feelin's uv a lady  
hurt,—  
Gol darn a critter, anyhow, that does a wo-  
man dirt!”

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

He riz up like a giant in that little painted  
pen,  
And stepped upon the platform with the  
women-folks 'nd men;  
Across the trough of gaslights he bounded  
like a deer,  
An' grabbed Armo an' hove him through the  
landscape in the rear;  
And then we seen him shed his hat an' rev-  
erently kneel,  
An' put his strong arms tenderly around the  
gal Cameel.

A-standin' in his stockin' feet, his height wuz  
six foot three,  
And a huskier man than Hoover wuz you  
could not hope to see.  
He downed Lafe Dawson wrasslin'; and one  
night I seen him lick  
Three Cornish miners that come into camp  
from Roarin' Crick  
To clean out Casey's restauraw an' do the  
town, they said.  
He could whip his weight in wildcats, an'  
paint whole townships red,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

But good to helpless folks and weak,— a  
brave and manly heart  
A cyclone could n't phase, but any child could  
rend apart;  
Jest like the mountain pine, wick dares the  
storm that howls along,  
But rocks the winds uv summer-time, an'  
sings a soothin' song.

“Cameel,” sez he, “your record is ag'in you,  
I 'll allow,  
But, bein' you 're a woman, you 'll git justice  
anyhow;  
So, if you say you 're sorry, and intend to  
travel straight,—  
Why, never mind that other chap with which  
you meant to mate,—  
I 'll marry you myself, and take you back to-  
morrow night  
To the camp on Red Hoss Mountain, where  
the boys 'll treat you white,  
Where Casey runs a tabble dote, and folks are  
brave 'nd true,  
Where there ain't no ancient history to bother  
me or you,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Where there ain't no law but honesty, no  
evidence but facts,  
Where between the verdick and the rope  
there ain't no *onter acts*.''

I wuz mighty proud of Hoover; but the folks  
began to shout  
That the feller was intrudin', and would some  
one put him out.  
“Well, no; I reckon not,” says I, or words  
to that effect,  
Ez I perduced a' argument I thought they  
might respect,—  
A long an' harnsome weepson I'd preëmpted  
when I come  
Out West (its cartridges wuz big an' juicy ez  
a plum),  
Wich, when persented properly, wuz very  
apt to sway  
The popular opinion in a most persuasive  
way.  
“Well, no; I reckon not,” says I; but I  
did n't say no more,  
Observin' that there wuz a ginral movement  
towards the door.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

First Dr. Lemen he allowed that he had got  
to go  
And see a patient he jest heerd wuz lyin'  
very low;  
An' Charlie Toll riz up an' said he guessed  
he 'd jine the Dock,  
An' go to see a client wich wuz waitin' round  
the block;  
John Arkins reckollected he had interviews  
to write,  
And previous engagements hurried Cooper  
from our sight;  
Cal Cole went out to buy a hoss, Fred Skiff  
and Belford too;  
And Stapleton remembered he had heaps uv  
work to do.  
Somehow or other every one wuz full uv  
business then;  
Leastwise, they all vamoosed, and did n't  
bother us again.

I reckollect that Willard Morse an' Bush come  
runnin' in,  
A-hollerin', "Oh, wot two idiots you durned  
fools have been!"

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I reckon that they allowed we 'd made  
a big mistake,—

They otter knowed us tenderfoots wuz sure  
to make a break!

An', while Modjesky stated we wuz some-  
what off our base,

I half opined she liked it, by the look upon  
her face.

I reckon that Hoover regretted he done  
wrong

In throwin' that there actor through a vista  
ten miles long.

I reckon we all shuck hands, and ordered  
vin frappay,—

And I never shall forget the head I had on  
me next day!

I have n't seen Modjesky since; I 'm hopin'  
to again.

She 's goin' to show in Denver soon; I 'll go  
to see her then.

An' may be I shall speak to her, wich if I do  
't will be

About the old friend restin' by the mighty  
Western sea,—

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

A simple man, perhaps, but good ez gold and  
true ez steel;  
He could whip his weight in wildcats, and  
you never heerd him squeal;  
Good to the helpless and the weak; a brave  
an' manly heart  
A cyclone could n't phase, but any child could  
rend apart;  
So like the mountain pine, that dares the  
storm wich sweeps along,  
But rocks the winds uv summer-time, an'  
sings a soothin' song.

## TELLING THE BEES

OUT of the house where the slumberer  
lay  
Grandfather came one summer day,  
And under the pleasant orchard trees  
He spake this wise to the murmuring bees:  
“The clover-bloom that kissed her feet  
And the posie-bed where she used to  
play  
Have honey store, but none so sweet  
As ere our little one went away.  
O bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low;  
For she is gone who loved you so.”

A wonder fell on the listening bees  
Under those pleasant orchard trees,  
And in their toil that summer day  
Ever their murmuring seemed to say:



SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“ Child, O child, the grass is cool,  
And the posies are waking to hear the  
    song  
Of the bird that swings by the shaded  
    pool,  
Waiting for one that tarrieth long.”  
'T was so they called to the little one then,  
As if to call her back again.

O gentle bees, I have come to say  
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,  
And we know by the smile on grandfather's  
    face  
He has found his dear one's biding-place.  
So, bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low,  
As over the honey-fields you sweep,—  
To the trees abloom and the flowers ablow  
Sing of grandfather fast asleep;  
And ever beneath these orchard trees  
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

## THE TEA-GOWN

MY lady has a tea-gown  
That is wondrous fair to see,—  
It is flounced and ruffed and plaited and  
    puffed,  
    As a tea-gown ought to be;  
And I thought she must be jesting  
    Last night at supper when  
She remarked, by chance, that it came from  
    France,  
    And had cost but two pounds ten.

Had she told me fifty shillings,  
    I might (and would n't you?)  
Have referred to that dress in a way folks  
    express  
    By an eloquent dash or two;  
But the guileful little creature  
    Knew well her tactics when  
She casually said that that dream in red  
    Had cost but two pounds ten.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Yet our home is all the brighter  
For that dainty, sentient thing,  
That floats away where it properly may,  
And clings where it ought to cling;  
And I count myself the luckiest  
Of all us married men  
That I have a wife whose joy in life  
Is a gown at two pounds ten.

It is n't the gown compels me  
Condone this venial sin;  
It 's the pretty face above the lace,  
And the gentle heart within.  
And with her arms about me  
I say, and say again,  
“'T was wondrous cheap,”—and I think a  
heap  
Of that gown at two pounds ten!

## DOCTORS

'T IS quite the thing to say and sing  
Gross libels on the doctor,—  
To picture him an ogre grim  
Or humbug-pill concocter;  
Yet it 's in quite another light  
My friendly pen would show him,  
Glad that it may with verse repay  
Some part of what I owe him.

When one 's all right, he 's prone to spite  
The doctor's peaceful mission;  
But when he 's sick, it 's loud and quick  
He bawls for a physician.  
With other things, the doctor brings  
Sweet babes, our hearts to soften:  
Though I have four, I pine for more,—  
Good doctor, pray come often!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

What though he sees death and disease  
Run riot all around him?  
Patient and true, and valorous too,  
Such have I always found him.  
Where'er he goes, he soothes our woes;  
And when skill's unavailing,  
And death is near, his words of cheer  
Support our courage failing.

In ancient days they used to praise  
The godlike art of healing,—  
An art that then engaged all men  
Possessed of sense and feeling.  
Why, Raleigh, he was glad to be  
Famed for a quack elixir;  
And Digby sold, as we are told,  
A charm for folk lovesick, sir.

Napoleon knew a thing or two,  
And clearly *he* was partial  
To doctors, for in time of war  
He chose one for a marshal.  
In our great cause a doctor was  
The first to pass death's portal,  
And Warren's name at once became  
A beacon and immortal.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

A heap, indeed, of what we read  
By doctors is provided;  
For to those groves Apollo loves  
Their leaning is decided.  
Deny who may that Rabelais  
Is first in wit and learning,  
And yet all smile and marvel while  
His brilliant leaves they 're turning.

How Lever's pen has charmed all men!  
How touching Rab's short story!  
And I will stake my all that Drake  
Is still the schoolboy's glory.  
A doctor-man it was began  
Great Britain's great museum,—  
The treasures there are all so rare,  
It drives me wild to see 'em!

There 's Cuvier, Parr, and Rush; they are  
Big monuments to learning.  
To Mitchell's prose (how smooth it flows!)  
We all are fondly turning.  
Tomes might be writ of that keen wit  
Which Abernethy 's famed for;  
With bread-crumbs pills he cured the ills  
Most doctors now get blamed for.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

In modern times the noble rhymes  
Of Holmes, a great physician,  
Have solace brought and wisdom taught  
To hearts of all condition.  
The sailor, bound for Puget Sound,  
Finds pleasure still unfailing,  
If he but troll the barcarole  
Old Osborne wrote on Whaling.

If there were need, I could proceed  
*Ad naus.* with this prescription,  
But, *inter nos*, a larger dose  
Might give you fits conniption;  
Yet, ere I end, there 's one dear friend  
I 'd hold before these others,  
For he and I in years gone by  
Have chummed around like brothers.

Together we have sung in glee  
The songs old Horace made for  
Our genial craft, together quaffed  
What bowls that doctor paid for!  
I love the rest, but love him best;  
And, were not times so pressing,  
I 'd buy and send — you smile, old friend?  
Well, then, here goes my blessing.

## BARBARA

**B**LITHE was the youth that summer day,  
As he smote at the ribs of earth,  
And he plied his pick with a merry click,  
And he whistled anon in mirth;  
And the constant thought of his dear one's  
face  
Seemed to illumine that ghostly place.

The gaunt earth envied the lover's joy,  
And she moved, and closed on his head:  
With no one nigh and with never a cry  
The beautiful boy lay dead;  
And the treasure he sought for his sweetheart  
fair  
Crumbled, and clung to his glorious hair.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Fifty years is a mighty space  
In the human toil for bread;  
But to Love and to Death 't is merely a  
breath,  
A dream that is quickly sped,—  
Fifty years, and the fair lad lay  
Just as he fell that summer day.

At last came others in quest of gold,  
And hewed in that mountain place;  
And deep in the ground one time they found  
The boy with the smiling face:  
All uncorrupt by the pitiless air,  
He lay, with his crown of golden hair.

They bore him up to the sun again,  
And laid him beside the brook,  
And the folk came down from the busy town  
To wonder and prate and look;  
And so, to a world that knew him not,  
The boy came back to the old-time spot.

Old Barbara hobbled among the rest,—  
Wrinkled and bowed was she,—  
And she gave a cry, as she fared anigh,  
“At last he is come to me!”

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And she kneeled by the side of the dead boy  
there,  
And she kissed his lips, and she stroked his  
hair.

“Thine eyes are sealed, O dearest one !  
And better it is 't is so,  
Else thou might'st see how harsh with me  
Dealt Life thou couldst not know :  
Kindlier Death has kept *thee* fair ;  
The sorrow of Life hath been *my* share.”

Barbara bowed her aged face,  
And fell on the breast of her dead ;  
And the golden hair of her dear one there  
Caressed her snow-white head.  
Oh, Life is sweet, with its touch of pain ;  
But sweeter the Death that joined those  
twain.

## THE CAFÉ MOLINEAU

THE Café Molineau is where  
A dainty little minx  
Serves God and men as best she can  
By serving meats and drinks.  
Oh, such an air the creature has,  
And such a pretty face!  
I took delight that autumn night  
In hanging round the place.

I know but very little French  
(I have not long been here);  
But when she spoke, her meaning broke  
Full sweetly on my ear.  
Then, too, she seemed to understand  
Whatever I 'd to say,  
Though most I knew was "oony poo,"  
"Bong zhoor," and "see voo play."

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The female wit is always quick,  
And of all womankind  
'T is here in France that you, perchance,  
The keenest wits shall find;  
And here you 'll find that subtle gift,  
That rare, distinctive touch,  
Combined with grace of form and face,  
That glads men overmuch.

“Our girls at home,” I mused aloud,  
“Lack either that or this;  
They don't combine the arts divine  
As does the Gallic miss.  
Far be it from me to malign  
Our belles across the sea,  
And yet I 'll swear none can compare  
With this ideal She.”

And then I praised her dainty foot  
In very awful French,  
And parleywood in guileful mood  
Until the saucy wench  
Tossed back her haughty auburn head,  
And froze me with disdain:  
“There are on me no flies,” said she,  
“For I come from Bangor, Maine!”

## HOLLY AND IVY

**H**OLLY standeth in ye house  
When that Noel draweth near;  
Evermore at ye door  
Standeth Ivy, shivering sore  
In ye night wind bleak and drear;  
And, as weary hours go by,  
Doth ye one to other cry.

“Sister Holly,” Ivy quoth,  
“What is that within you see?  
To and fro doth ye glow  
Of ye yule-log flickering go;  
Would its warmth did cherish me!  
Where thou bidest is it warm;  
I am shaken of ye storm.”

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“Sister Ivy,” Holly quoth,  
“Brightly burns the yule-log here,  
And love brings beauteous things,  
While a guardian angel sings  
To the babes that slumber near;  
But, O Ivy! tell me now,  
What without there seest thou?”

“Sister Holly,” Ivy quoth,  
“With fair music comes ye Morn,  
And afar burns ye Star  
Where ye wondering shepherds are,  
And the Shepherd King is born:  
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men,’  
Angels cry, and cry again.”

Holly standeth in ye house  
When that Noel draweth near;  
Clambering o’er yonder door,  
Ivy standeth evermore;  
And to them that rightly hear  
Each one speaketh of ye love  
That outpoureth from Above.

THE BOLTONS, 22

WHEN winter nights are grewsome,  
and the heavy, yellow fog  
Gives to Piccadilly semblance of a dank,  
malarious bog;  
When a demon, with companion in similitude of bell,  
Goes round informing people he has crumpets for to sell;  
When a weird, asthmatic minstrel haunts  
your door for hours along,  
Until you've paid him tu'pence for the thing  
he calls a song,—  
When, in short, the world 's against you,  
and you 'd give that world, and more,  
To lay your weary heart at rest upon your  
native shore,  
There 's happily one saving thing for you  
and yours to do:  
Go call on Isaac Henderson, The Boltons, 22.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The place is all so cheery and so warm, I  
love to spend  
My evenings in communion with the genial  
host, my friend.  
One sees *chefs d'œuvre* of masters in profusion on the walls,  
And a monster canine swaggers up and  
down the spacious halls;  
There are divers things of beauty to astound,  
instruct, and please,  
And everywhere assurance of contentment  
and of ease:  
But best of all the gentle hearts I meet with  
in the place,—  
The host's good-fellowship, his wife's sincere and modest grace;  
Why, if there be cordiality that warms you  
through and through,  
It 's found at Isaac Henderson's, The Boltons, 22.

My favorite room 's the study that is on the  
second floor;  
And there we sit in judgment on men and  
things galore.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The fire burns briskly in the grate, and sheds  
a genial glare  
On me, who most discreetly have preëmpted  
Isaac's chair,—  
A big, low chair, with grateful springs, and  
curious device  
To keep a fellow's cerebellum comf'table and  
nice.  
A shade obscures the functions of the stately  
lamp, in spite  
Of Mrs. Henderson's demands for somewhat  
more of light;  
But he and I demur, and say a mystic gloom  
will do  
For winter-night communion at the Bol-  
tons, 22.

Sometimes he reads me Browning, or from  
Bryant culls a bit,  
And sometimes plucks a gem from Hood's  
philosophy and wit;  
And oftentimes I tell him yarns, and (what I  
fear is worse)  
Recite him sundry specimens of woolly  
Western verse.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And while his muse and mine transcend the  
    bright Horatian's stars,  
He smokes his modest pipe, and I — I smoke  
    his choice cigars !  
For best of mild Havanas this considerate host  
    supplies,—  
The proper brand, the proper shade, and  
    quite the proper size;  
And so I buckle down and smoke and  
    smoke,—and so will you,  
If ever you 're invited to the Boltons, 22.

But, oh! the best of worldly joys is as a  
    dream short-lived:  
'T is twelve o'clock, and Robinson reports  
    our cab arrived.  
A last libation ere we part, and hands all  
    round, and then  
A cordial invitation to us both to come again.  
So home through Piccadilly and through  
    Oxford Street we jog,  
On slippery, noisy pavements and in blind-  
    ing, choking fog,—  
The same old route through Circus, Square,  
    and Quadrant we retrace,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Till we reach the princely mansion known  
as 20 Alfred Place ;  
And then we seek our feathery beds of cotton  
to renew  
In dreams the sweet distractions of the Bol-  
tons, 22.

God bless you, good friend Isaac, and your  
lovely, gracious wife ;  
May health and wealth attend you, and hap-  
piness, through life ;  
And as you sit of evenings that quiet room  
within,  
Know that in spirit I shall be your guest as  
I have been.  
So fill and place beside that chair that dainty  
claret-cup ;  
Methinks that ghostly hands shall take the  
tempting offering up,  
That ghostly lips shall touch the bowl and  
quaff the ruby wine,  
Pledging in true affection this toast to thee  
and thine :  
“ May God’s best blessings fall as falls the  
gentle, gracious dew  
Upon the kindly household at the Boltons, 22 ! ”

## DIBDIN'S GHOST

DEAR wife, last midnight, whilst I read  
The tomes you so despise,  
A spectre rose beside the bed,  
And spake in this true wise:  
"From Canaan's beatific coast  
I've come to visit thee,  
For I am Frognall Dibdin's ghost,"  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome, and we twain  
Discussed with buoyant hearts  
The various things that appertain  
To bibliomaniac arts.  
"Since you are fresh from t' other side,  
Pray tell me of that host  
That treasured books before they died,"  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“They ’ve entered into perfect rest;  
For in the life they ’ve won  
There are no auctions to molest,  
No creditors to dun.  
Their heavenly rapture has no bounds  
Beside that jasper sea;  
It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,”  
Says Dibdin’s ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak  
Of biblio-bliss above,  
For I am one of those who seek  
What bibliomaniacs love.  
“But tell me, for I long to hear  
What doth concern me most,  
Are wives admitted to that sphere?”  
Says I to Dibdin’s ghost.

“The women folk are few up there;  
For ’t were not fair, you know,  
That they our heavenly joy should share  
Who vex us here below.  
The few are those who have been kind  
To husbands such as we;  
They knew our fads, and did n’t mind,”  
Says Dibdin’s ghost to me.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“But what of those who scold at us  
When we would read in bed ?  
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss  
If we buy books instead ?  
And what of those who 've dusted not  
Our motley pride and boast,—  
Shall they profane that sacred spot ?”  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

“Oh, no! they tread that other path,  
Which leads where torments roll,  
And worms, yes, bookworms, vent their  
wrath  
Upon the guilty soul.  
Untouched of bibliomaniac grace,  
That saveth such as we,  
They wallow in that dreadful place,”  
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

“To my dear wife will I recite  
What things I 've heard you say ;  
She 'll let me read the books by night  
She 's let me buy by day.  
For we together by and by  
Would join that heavenly host ;  
She 's earned a rest as well as I,”  
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

## THE BOTTLE AND THE BIRD

ONCE on a time a friend of mine prevailed on me to go  
To see the dazzling splendors of a sinful  
ballet show;  
And after we had revelled in the saltatory  
sights,  
We sought a neighboring *café* for more tangible delights.  
When I demanded of my friend what viands  
he preferred,  
He quoth: "A large cold bottle, and a small  
hot bird!"

Fool that I was, I did not know what anguish hidden lies  
Within the morceau that allures the nostrils  
and the eyes!  
There is a glorious candor in an honest quart  
of wine,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

A certain inspiration which I cannot well  
define!

How it bubbles, how it sparkles, how its  
gurgling seems to say:

“Come! on a tide of rapture let me float  
your soul away!”

But the crispy, steaming mouthful that is  
spread upon your plate,—

How it discounts human sapience and satir-  
izes fate!

You would n't think a thing so small could  
cause the pains and aches

That certainly accrue to him that of that  
thing partakes;

To me, at least, (a guileless wight!) it never  
once occurred

What horror was encompassed in that small  
hot bird.

Oh; what a head I had on me when I awoke  
next day,

And what a firm conviction of intestinal  
decay!



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

What seas of mineral water and of bromide  
I applied  
To quench those fierce volcanic fires that  
rioted inside!  
And, oh, the thousand solemn, awful vows  
I plighted then  
Never to tax my system with a small hot  
bird again!

The doctor seemed to doubt that birds could  
worry people so,  
But, bless him! since I ate the bird, I guess  
I ought to know!  
The acidous condition of my stomach, so  
he said,  
Bespoke a vinous irritant that amplified my  
head,  
And, ergo, the causation of the thing, as he  
inferred,  
Was the large cold bottle,—*not* the small  
hot bird.

Of course I know it was n't, and I 'm sure  
you 'll say I 'm right  
If ever it has been your wont to train around  
at night.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

How sweet is retrospection when one's  
heart is bathed in wine,  
And before its balmy breath how do the ills  
of life decline!

How the gracious juices drown what griefs  
would vex a mortal breast,  
And float the flattered soul into the port of  
dreamless rest!

But you, O noxious, pigmy bird! whether  
it be you fly,  
Or paddle in the stagnant pools that swelter-  
ing, festering lie,—  
I curse you and your evil kind for that you  
do me wrong,  
Engendering poisons that corrupt my petted  
muse of song;  
Go, get thee hence! and never more discom-  
fit me and mine,—  
I fain would barter all thy brood for one  
sweet draught of wine!

So hither come, O sportive youth! when  
fades the telltale day,—  
Come hither, with your fillets and your  
wreaths of posies gay;

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

We shall unloose the fragrant seas of seeth-  
ing, frothing wine  
Which now the cobwebbed glass and en-  
vious wire and corks confine,  
And midst the pleasing revelry the praises  
shall be heard  
Of the large cold bottle,— *not* the small hot  
bird!

## AN ECLOGUE FROM VIRGIL

[The exile Melibœus finds Tityrus in possession of his own farm, restored to him by the Emperor Augustus, and a conversation ensues. The poem is in praise of Augustus, peace, and pastoral life.]

MELIBŒUS

**T**ITYRUS, all in the shade of the wide-  
spreading beech-tree reclining,  
Sweet is that music you 've made on your  
pipe that is oaten and slender;  
Exiles from home, you beguile our hearts  
from their hopeless repining,  
As you sing Amaryllis the while in pas-  
torals tuneful and tender.

TITYRUS

A god — yes, a god, I declare — vouchsafes  
me these pleasant conditions,  
And often I gayly repair with a tender  
white lamb to his altar;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

He gives me the leisure to play my greatly  
admired compositions,  
While my heifers go browsing all day,  
unhampered of bell and of halter.

### MELIBŒUS

I do not begrudge you repose; I simply admit I'm confounded  
To find you unscathed of the woes of pil-  
lage and tumult and battle.  
To exile and hardship devote, and by mer-  
ciless enemies hounded,  
I drag at this wretched old goat and coax  
on my famishing cattle.  
Oh, often the omens presaged the horrors  
which now overwhelm me—  
But, come, if not otherwise engaged, who *is*  
this good deity, tell me!

### TITYRUS (reminiscently)

The city—the city called Rome, with my  
head full of herding and tillage,  
I used to compare with my home, these  
pastures wherein you now wander;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

But I did n't take long to find out that the  
city surpasses the village  
As the cypress surpasses the sprout that  
thrives in the thicket out yonder.

MELIBŒUS

Tell me, good gossip, I pray, what led you  
to visit the city ?

TITYRUS

Liberty! which on a day regarded my lot  
with compassion;  
My age and distresses, forsooth, compelled  
that proud mistress to pity,  
That had snubbed the attentions of youth  
in most reprehensible fashion.  
Oh, happy, thrice happy, the day when the  
cold Galatea forsook me;  
And equally happy, I say, the hour when  
that other girl took me!

MELIBŒUS (slyly, as if addressing the damsel)

So now, Amaryllis, the truth of your ill-  
disguised grief I discover!  
You pined for a favorite youth with city-  
fied damsels hobnobbing;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And soon your surroundings partook of your  
grief for your recusant lover,—  
The pine-trees, the copse, and the brook,  
for Tityrus ever went sobbing.

### TITYRUS

Melibœus, what else could I do? Fate doled  
me no morsel of pity;  
My toil was all vain the year through, no  
matter how earnest or clever,  
Till, at last, came that god among men, that  
king from that wonderful city,  
And quoth: "Take your homesteads again;  
they are yours and your assigns' forever!"

### MELIBŒUS

Happy, oh, happy old man! rich in what's  
better than money,—  
Rich in contentment, you can gather sweet  
peace by mere listening;  
Bees with soft murmurings go hither and  
thither for honey,  
Cattle all gratefully low in pastures where  
fountains are glistening—  
Hark! in the shade of that rock the pruner  
with singing rejoices,—

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The dove in the elm and the flock of wood-  
pigeons hoarsely repining,  
The splash of the sacred cascade,—ah, rest-  
ful, indeed, are these voices,  
Tityrus, all in the shade of your wide-  
spreading beech-tree reclining!

### TITYRUS

And he who insures this to me—oh, craven  
I were not to love him!  
Nay, rather the fish of the sea shall vacate  
the water they swim in,  
The stag quit his bountiful grove to graze  
in the ether above him,  
While folk antipodean rove along with  
their children and women!

### MELIBŒUS (suddenly recalling his own misery)

But we who are exiled must go; and whither  
—ah, whither—God knoweth!  
Some into those regions of snow or of  
desert where Death reigneth only;  
Some off to the country of Crete, where rapid  
Oaxes down floweth;  
And desperate others retreat to Britain, the  
bleak isle and lonely.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Dear land of my birth! shall I see the horde  
of invaders oppress thee?

Shall the wealth that outspringeth from thee  
by the hand of the alien be squandered?

Dear cottage wherein I was born! shall another  
in conquest possess thee,

Another demolish in scorn the fields and  
the groves where I 've wandered?

My flock! nevermore shall you graze on that  
furze-covered hillside above me;

Gone, gone are the halcyon days when  
my reed piped defiance to sorrow!

Nevermore in the vine-covered grot shall I  
sing of the loved ones that love me,—

Let yesterday's peace be forgot in dread of  
the stormy to-morrow!

### TITYRUS

But rest you this night with me here; my  
bed,—we will share it together,

As soon as you 've tasted my cheer, my  
apples and chestnuts and cheeses;

The evening already is nigh,—the shadows  
creep over the heather,

And the smoke is rocked up to the sky to  
the lullaby song of the breezes.

## ASHES ON THE SLIDE

WHEN Jim and Bill and I were boys a  
many years ago,  
How gayly did we use to hail the coming  
of the snow!  
Our sleds, fresh painted red and with their  
runners round and bright,  
Seemed to respond right briskly to our  
clamor of delight  
As we dragged them up the slippery road  
that climbed the rugged hill  
Where perched the old frame meetin'-house,  
so solemn-like and still.

Ah, coasting in those days — those good old  
days — was fun indeed!  
Sleds at that time I'd have you know were  
paragons of speed!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And if the hill got bare in spots, as hills will  
do, why then  
We 'd haul on ice and snow to patch those  
bald spots up again;  
But, oh! with what sad certainty our spirits  
would subside  
When Deacon Frisbee sprinkled ashes where  
we used to slide!

The deacon he would roll his eyes and gnash  
his toothless gums,  
And clear his skinny throat, and twirl his  
saintly, bony thumbs,  
And tell you: "When I wuz a boy, they  
taught me to eschew  
The godless, ribald vanities which modern  
youth pursue!  
The pathway that leads down to hell is slip-  
pery, straight, and wide;  
And Satan lurks for prey where little boys  
are wont to slide!"

Now, he who ever in his life has been a little  
boy  
Will not reprove me when he hears the lan-  
guage I employ

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

To stigmatize as wickedness the deacon's  
zealous spite  
In interfering with the play wherein we  
found delight;  
And so I say, with confidence, not unalloyed  
of pride:  
"Gol darn the man who sprinkles ashes  
where the youngsters slide!"

But Deacon Frisbee long ago went to his  
lasting rest,  
His money well invested in farm mortgages  
out West;  
Bill, Jim, and I, no longer boys, have learned  
through years of strife  
That the troubles of the little boy pursue the  
man through life;  
That here and there along the course wherein  
we hoped to glide  
Some envious hand has sprinkled ashes just  
to spoil our slide!

And that malicious, envious hand is not the  
deacon's now.  
Grim, ruthless Fate, that evil sprite none  
other is than thou!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Riches and honors, peace and care come at  
thy beck and go;  
The soul, elate with joy to-day, to-morrow  
writhes in woe;  
And till a man has turned his face unto the  
wall and died,  
He must expect to get his share of ashes on  
his slide!

## THE LOST CUPID OF MOSCHUS

“CUPID!” Venus went a-crying;  
“Cupid, whither dost thou stray?  
Tell me, people, hither hieing,  
Have you seen my runaway?  
Speak,—my kiss shall be your pay!  
Yes, and sweets more gratifying,  
If you bring him back to-day.

“Cupid,” Venus went a-calling,  
“Is a rosy little youth,  
But his beauty is inthralling.  
He will speak you fair, in sooth,  
Wheedle you with glib untruth,—  
Honey-like his words; but galling  
Are his deeds, and full of ruth!

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“Cupid’s hair is curling yellow,  
And he hath a saucy face;  
With his chubby hands the fellow  
Shooteth into farthest space,  
Heedless of all time and place;  
King and squire and punchinello  
He delighteth to abase!

“Nude and winged the prankish blade is,  
And he speedeth everywhere,  
Vexing gentlemen and ladies,  
Callow youths and damsels fair  
Whom he catcheth unaware;—  
Venturing even into Hades,  
He hath sown his torments there!

“For that bow, that bow and quiver,—  
Oh, they are a cruel twain!  
Thinking of them makes me shiver.  
Oft, with all his might and main,  
Cupid sends those darts profane  
Whizzing through my heart and liver,  
Setting fire to every vein!

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“ And the torch he carries blazing,—  
Truly 't is a tiny one;  
Yet, that tiny torch upraising,  
Cupid scarifies the sun!  
Ah, good people, there is none  
Knows what mischief most amazing  
Cupid's evil torch hath done!

“ Show no mercy when you find him!  
Spite of every specious plea  
And of all his whimpering, bind him!  
Full of flatteries is he;  
Armed with treachery, *cap-a-pie*,  
He 'll play 'possum; never mind him,—  
March him straightway back to me!

“ Bow and arrows and sweet kisses  
He will offer you, no doubt;  
But beware those proffered blisses,—  
They are venomous throughout!  
Seize and bind him fast about;  
Mind you,— most important this is:  
Bind him, bring him, but—watch out!”



## CHRISTMAS EVE

O H, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,  
The evening shades are falling,—  
Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear  
The voice of the Master calling?

Deep lies the snow upon the earth,  
But all the sky is ringing  
With joyous song, and all night long  
The stars shall dance, with singing.

Oh, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,  
And close thine eyes in dreaming,  
And angels fair shall lead thee where  
The singing stars are beaming.

A shepherd calls his little lambs,  
And he longeth to caress them;  
He bids them rest upon his breast,  
That his tender love may bless them.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

So, hush thee, little Dear-my-Soul,  
    Whilst evening shades are falling,  
And above the song of the heavenly throng  
    Thou shalt hear the Master calling.

## CARLSBAD

DEAR Palmer, just a year ago we did  
the Carlsbad cure,  
Which, though it be exceeding slow, is as  
exceeding sure;  
To corpulency you were prone, dyspepsia  
bothered me,—  
You tipped the beam at twenty stone and I  
at ten stone three!  
The cure, they told us, works both ways:  
it makes the fat man lean;  
The thin man, after many days, achieves a  
portly mien;  
And though it 's true you still are fat, while  
I am like a crow,—  
All skin and feathers,— what of that? The  
cure takes time, you know.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The Carlsbad scenery is sublime,—that 's  
what the guide-books say;  
We did not think so at that time, nor think  
*I* so to-day!  
The bluffs that squeeze the panting town  
permit no pleasing views,  
But weigh the mortal spirits down and give  
a chap the blues.  
With nothing to amuse us then or mitigate  
our spleen,  
We rose and went to bed again, with three  
bad meals between;  
And constantly we made our moan,—ah,  
none so drear as we,  
When you were weighing twenty stone  
and I but ten stone three!

We never scaled the mountain-side, for walk-  
ing was my bane,  
And you were much too big to ride the  
mules that there obtain;  
And so we loitered in the shade, with Israel  
out in force,  
Or through the Pupp'sche allee strayed and  
heard the band discourse.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Sometimes it pleased us to recline upon the  
    Tepl's brink,  
Or watch the bilious human line file round  
    to get a drink;  
Anon the portier's piping tone embittered  
    you and me,  
When you were weighing twenty stone and  
    I but ten stone three!

And oh! those awful things to eat! No pud-  
    ding, cake, or pie,  
But just a little dab of meat, and crusts ab-  
    surdly dry;  
Then, too, that water twice a day,—one  
    swallow was enough  
To take one's appetite away,—the tepid,  
    awful stuff!  
Tortured by hunger's cruel stings, I'd little  
    else to do  
Than feast my eyes upon the things pre-  
    scribed and cooked for you.  
The goodies went to you alone, the husks  
    all fell to me,  
When you were weighing twenty stone and  
    I weighed ten stone three.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Yet happy days! and rapturous ills! and  
sweetly dismal date!  
When, sandwiched in between those hills,  
we twain bemoaned our fate.  
The little woes we suffered then like mists  
have sped away,  
And I were glad to share again those ills  
with you to-day,—  
To flounder in those rains of June that flood  
that Austrian vale,  
To quaff that tepid Kaiserbrunn and starve  
on victuals stale!  
And often, leagues and leagues away from  
where we suffered then,  
With envious yearnings I survey what cannot  
be again!

And often in my quiet home, through dim  
and misty eyes,  
I seem to see that curhaus dome blink at the  
radiant skies;  
I seem to hear that Wiener band above the  
Tepl's roar,—  
To feel the pressure of your hand and hear  
your voice once more;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And, better yet, my heart is warm with  
thoughts of you and yours,  
For friendship hath a sweeter charm than  
thrice ten thousand cures!  
So I am happy to have known that time  
across the sea  
When you were weighing twenty stone and  
I weighed ten stone three.

## RED

ANY color, so long as it 's red,  
Is the color that suits me best,  
Though I will allow there is much to be said  
For yellow and green and the rest;  
But the feeble tints which some affect  
In the things they make or buy  
Have never — I say it with all respect —  
Appealed to my critical eye.

There 's that in red that warmeth the blood,  
And quickeneth a man within,  
And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud  
The germs of original sin;  
So, though I 'm properly born and bred,  
I 'll own, with a certain zest,  
That any color, so long as it 's red,  
Is the color that suits me best.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

For where is the color that can compare  
With the blush of a buxom lass;  
Or where such warmth as of the hair  
Of the genuine white horse class?  
And, lo! reflected within this cup  
Of cheery Bordeaux I see  
What inspiration girdeth me up,—  
Yes, red is the color for me!

Through acres and acres of art I've strayed  
In Italy, Germany, France;  
On many a picture a master has made  
I've squandered a passing glance:  
Marines I hate, madonnas and  
Those Dutch freaks I detest;  
But the peerless daubs of my native land,—  
They're red, and I like them best.

'T is little I care how folk deride,—  
I'm backed by the West, at least;  
And we are free to say that we can't abide  
The tastes that obtain down East;  
And we're mighty proud to have it said  
That here in the versatile West  
Most any color, so long as it's red,  
Is the color that suits us best.

## AT CHEYENNE

YOUNG Lochinvar came in from the west,  
With fringe on his trousers and fur on  
his vest;  
The width of his hat-brim could nowhere be  
beat,  
His No. 10 brogans were chuck full of feet,  
His girdle was horrent with pistols and  
things,  
And he flourished a handful of aces on kings.

The fair Mariana sate watching a star,  
When who should turn up but the young  
Lochinvar!  
Her pulchritude gave him a pectoral glow,  
And he reined up his hoss with stentorian  
“Whoa!”

Then turned on the maiden a rapturous grin,  
And modestly asked if he might n't step in.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

With presence of mind that was marvellous  
quite,

The fair Mariana replied that he might;  
So in through the portal rode young Lochin-  
var,

Preëmpted the claim, and cleaned out the  
bar.

Though the justice allowed he wa'n't wholly  
to blame,

He taxed him ten dollars and costs, just the  
same.

## THE PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVE

UPON an average, twice a week,  
When anguish clouds my brow,  
My good physician friend I seek  
To know "what ails me now."  
He taps me on the back and chest,  
And scans my tongue for bile,  
And lays an ear against my breast  
And listens there awhile;  
Then is he ready to admit  
That all he can observe  
Is something wrong inside, to wit:  
My pneumogastric nerve!

Now, when these Latin names within  
Dyspeptic hulks like mine  
Go wrong, a fellow should begin  
To draw what's called the line.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

It seems, however, that this same,  
Which in my hulks abounds,  
Is not, despite its awful name,  
So fatal as it sounds;  
Yet of all torments known to me,  
I'll say without reserve,  
There is no torment like to thee,  
Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears  
To be a patient foe,—  
It waited nearly forty years  
Its chance to lay me low;  
Then, like some blithering blast of hell,  
It struck this guileless bard,  
And in that evil hour I fell  
Prodigious far and hard.  
Alas! what things I dearly love—  
Pies, puddings, and preserves—  
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of  
All pneumogastric nerves!

Oh that I could remodel man!  
I'd end these cruel pains  
By hitting on a different plan  
From that which now obtains.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The stomach, greatly amplified,  
    Anon should occupy  
The all of that domain inside  
    Where heart and lungs now lie.  
But, first of all, I should depose  
    That diabolic curve  
And author of my thousand woes,  
    The pneumogastric nerve!

## TELKA

THROUGH those golden summer days  
Our twin flocks were wont to graze  
On the hillside, which the sun  
Rested lovingly upon,—  
Telka's flock and mine; and we  
Sung our songs in rapturous glee,  
Idling in the pleasant shade  
Which the solemn Yew-tree made,  
While the Brook anear us played,  
And a white Rose, ghost-like, grew  
In the shadow of the Yew.

Telka loved me passing well;  
How I loved her none can tell!  
How I love her none may know,—  
Oh, that man loves woman so!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

When she was not at my side,  
Loud my heart in anguish cried,  
And my lips, till she replied.  
Yet they think to silence me,—  
As if love could silenced be!  
Fool were I, and fools were they!  
Still I wend my lonely way,  
“Telka,” evermore I cry;  
Answer me the woods and sky,  
And the weary years go by.

Telka, she was passing fair;  
And the glory of her hair  
Was such glory as the sun  
With his blessing casts upon  
Yonder lonely mountain height,  
Lifting up to bid good-night  
To her sovereign in the west,  
Sinking wearily to rest,  
Drowsing in that golden sea  
Where the realms of Dreamland be.

So our love to fulness grew,  
Whilst beneath the solemn Yew  
Ghost-like paled the Rose of white,  
As it were some fancied sight  
Blanched it with a dread affright.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Telka, she was passing fair;  
And our peace was perfect there  
Till, enchanted by her smile,  
Lurked the South Wind there awhile,  
Underneath that hillside tree  
Where with singing idled we,  
And I heard the South Wind say  
Flattering words to her that day  
Of a city far away.  
But the Yew-tree crouched as though  
It were like to whisper No  
To the words the South Wind said  
As he smoothed my Telka's head.  
And the Brook, all pleading, cried  
To the dear one at my side:  
"Linger always where I am;  
Stray not thence, O cosset lamb!  
Wander not where shadows deep  
On the treacherous quicksands sleep,  
And the haunted waters leap;  
Be thou ware the waves that flow  
Toward the prison pool below,  
Where, beguiled from yonder sky,  
Captive moonbeams shivering lie,  
And at dawn of morrow die."  
So the Brook to Telka cried,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

But my Telka naught replied;  
And, as in a strange affright,  
Paled the Rose a ghostlier white.

When anon the North Wind came,—  
Rudely blustering Telka's name,  
And he kissed the leaves that grew  
Round about the trembling Yew,—  
Kissed and romped till, blushing red,  
All one day in terror fled,  
And the white Rose hung her head;  
Coming to our trysting spot,  
Long I called; she answered not.  
“Telka!” pleadingly I cried  
Up and down the mountain-side  
Where we twain were wont to bide.

There were those who thought that I  
Could be silenced with a lie,  
And they told me Telka's name  
Should be spoken now with shame;  
“She is lost to us and thee,”—  
That is what they said to me.

“Is my Telka lost?” quoth I.  
“On this hilltop shall I cry,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

So that she may hear and then  
Find her way to me again.  
The South Wind spoke a lie that day;  
All deceived, she lost her way;  
Yonder where the shadows sleep  
'Mongst the haunted waves that leap  
Over treacherous quicksands deep,  
And where captive moonbeams lie  
Doomed at morrow's dawn to die,  
She is lost, and that is all;  
I will search for her, and call."

Summer comes and winter goes,  
Buds the Yew and blooms the Rose;  
All the others are anear,—  
Only Telka is not here!  
Gone the peace and love I knew  
Sometime 'neath the hillside Yew;  
And the Rose, that mocks me so,  
I had crushed it long ago  
But that Telka loved it then,  
And shall soothe its terror when  
She comes back to me again.  
Call I, seek I everywhere  
For my Telka, passing fair.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

It is, oh, so many a year  
I have called! She does not hear,  
Yet nor feared nor worn am I;  
For I know that if I cry  
She shall sometime hear my call.  
She is lost, and that is all,—  
She is lost in some far spot;  
I have searched, and found it not.  
Could she hear me calling, then  
Would she come to me again;  
For she loved me passing well,—  
How I love her none can tell!  
That is why these years I 've cried  
“Telka!” on this mountain-side.  
“Telka!” still I, pleading, cry;  
Answer me the woods and sky,  
And the lonely years go by.

On an evening dark and chill  
Came a shadow up the hill,—  
Came a spectre, grim and white  
As a ghost that walks the night,  
Grim and bowed, and with the cry  
Of a wretch about to die,—  
Came and fell and cried to me:  
“It is Telka come!” said she.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

So she fell and so she cried  
On that lonely mountain-side  
Where was Telka wont to bide.

“Who hath bribed those lips to lie?  
Telka’s face was fair,” quoth I;  
“Thine is furrowed with despair.  
There is winter in thy hair;  
But upon her beauteous head  
Was there summer glory shed,—  
Such a glory as the sun,  
When his daily course is run,  
Smiles upon this mountain height  
As he kisses it good-night.  
There was music in her tone,  
Misery in thy voice alone.  
They have bid thee lie to me.  
Let me pass! Thou art not she!  
Let my sorrow sacred be  
Underneath this trysting tree!”

So in wrath I went my way,  
And they came another day,—  
Came another day, and said:  
“Hush thy cry, for she is dead.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Yonder on the mountain-side  
She is buried where she died,  
Where you twain were wont to bide.  
Where she came and fell and cried  
Pardon that thy wrath denied;  
And above her bosom grows  
As in mockery the Rose:  
It was white; but now 't is red,  
And in shame it bows its head  
Over sinful Telka dead."

So they thought to silence me,—  
As if love could silenced be!  
Fool were I, and fools were they!  
Scornfully I went my way,  
And upon the mountain- side  
"Telka!" evermore I cried.  
"Telka!" evermore I cry;  
Answer me the woods and sky:  
So the lonely years go by.

She is lost, and that is all;  
Sometime she shall hear my call,  
Hear my pleading call, and then  
Find her way to me again.

PLAINT OF THE MISSOURI 'COON IN  
THE BERLIN ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS

FRIEND, by the way you hump yourself  
you 're from the States, I know,  
And born in old Mizzoorah, where the 'coons  
in plenty grow.

I, too, am native of that clime; but harsh,  
relentless fate

Has doomed me to an exile far from that  
noble State;

And I, who used to climb around, and swing  
from tree to tree,

Now lead a life of ignominious ease, as you  
can see.

Have pity, O compatriot mine! and bide a  
season near,

While I unfurl a dismal tale to catch your  
friendly ear.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

My pedigree is noble: they used my grand-  
sire's skin  
To piece a coat for Patterson to warm him-  
self within,—  
Tom Patterson, of Denver; no ermine can  
compare  
With the grizzled robe that Democratic  
statesman loves to wear.  
Of such a grandsire I am come; and in the  
County Cole  
All up an ancient cottonwood our family had  
its hole.  
We envied not the liveried pomp nor proud  
estate of kings,  
As we hustled round from day to day in  
search of bugs and things.

And when the darkness fell around, a mock-  
ing-bird was nigh,  
Inviting pleasant, soothing dreams with his  
sweet lullaby;  
And sometimes came the yellow dog to brag  
around all night  
That nary 'coon could wallop him in a stand-  
up barrel fight.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

We simply smiled and let him howl, for all  
Mizzoorians know  
That ary 'coon can best a dog, if the coon  
gets half a show;  
But we 'd nestle close and shiver when the  
mellow moon had ris'n,  
And the hungry nigger sought our lair in  
hopes to make us his'n.

Raised as I was, it 's hardly strange I pine  
for those old days;  
I cannot get acclimated, or used to German  
ways.  
The victuals that they give me here may all  
be very fine  
For vulgar, common palates, but they will  
not do for mine.  
The 'coon that 's been accustomed to stanch  
Democratic cheer  
Will not put up with onion tarts and sausage  
steeped in beer!  
No; let the rest, for meat and drink, accede  
to slavish terms,  
But send *me* back from whence I came, and  
let me grub for worms!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

They come, these gaping Teutons do, on  
Sunday afternoons,  
And wonder what I am,—alas, there are  
no German 'coons!  
For if there were, I still might swing at home  
from tree to tree,  
The symbol of Democracy, that 's woolly,  
blithe, and free.  
And yet for what my captors are I would not  
change my lot,  
For *I* have tasted liberty, these others, *they*  
have not;  
So, even caged, the Democratic 'coon more  
glory feels  
Than the conscript German puppets with  
their swords about their heels.

Well, give my love to Crittenden, to Clardy,  
and O'Neill,  
To Jasper Burke and Colonel Jones, and  
tell 'em how I feel;  
My compliments to Cockrill, Stephens, Switz-  
ler, Francis, Vest,  
Bill Nelson, J. West Goodwin, Jedge Broad-  
head, and the rest.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Bid them be steadfast in the faith, and pay  
no heed at all  
To Joe McCullagh's badinage or Chauncey  
Filley's gall;  
And urge them to retaliate for what I'm suf-  
fering here  
By cinching all the alien class that wants its  
Sunday beer.

## THE PARTRIDGE

AS beats the sun from mountain crest,  
With "Pretty, pretty,"  
Cometh the partridge from her nest.  
The flowers threw kisses sweet to her  
(For all the flowers that bloomed knew her);  
Yet hasteneth she to mine and me,—  
    Ah, pretty, pretty!  
    Ah, dear little partridge!

And when I hear the partridge cry  
    So pretty, pretty,  
Upon the house-top breakfast I.  
She comes a-chirping far and wide.  
And swinging from the mountain-side  
I see and hear the dainty dear,—  
    Ah, pretty, pretty!  
    Ah, dear little partridge!

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Thy nest 's inlaid with posies rare,  
And pretty, pretty,  
Bloom violet, rose, and lily there;  
The place is full of balmy dew  
(The tears of flowers in love with you!);  
And one and all, impassioned, call,  
“O pretty, pretty!  
O dear little partridge!”

Thy feathers they are soft and sleek,—  
So pretty, pretty!  
Long is thy neck, and small thy beak,  
The color of thy plumage far  
More bright than rainbow colors are.  
Sweeter than dove is she I love,—  
My pretty, pretty!  
My dear little partridge!

When comes the partridge from the tree,  
So pretty, pretty,  
And sings her little hymn to me,  
Why, all the world is cheered thereby,  
The heart leaps up into the eye,  
And Echo then gives back again  
Our “Pretty, pretty!”  
Our “Dear little partridge!”

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Admitting thee most blest of all,  
    And pretty, pretty,  
The birds come with thee at thy call;  
In flocks they come, and round thee play,  
And this is what they seem to say:—  
They say, and sing, each feathered thing,  
    “ Ah, pretty, pretty!  
    Ah, dear little partridge! ”

## CORINTHIAN HALL

CORINTHIAN HALL is a tumble-down  
place,  
Which some finical folks have pronounced  
a disgrace;  
But once was a time when Corinthian Hall  
Excited the rapture and plaudits of all,  
With its carpeted stairs,  
And its new yellow chairs,  
And its stunning *ensemble* of citified airs.  
Why, the Atchison Champion said 't was  
the best  
Of Thespian temples extant in the West.

It was new, and was ours,— that was ages  
ago,  
Before opry had spoiled the legitimate  
show,—

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

It was new, and was ours! We could toss  
back the jeers  
Our rivals had launched at our city for years.  
Corinthian Hall,  
Why, it discounted all  
Other halls in the Valley, and well I recall  
The night of the opening; from near and afar  
Came the crowd to see Toodles performed  
by De Bar.

Oh, those days they were palmy, and never  
again  
Shall earth see such genius as gladdened us  
then;  
For actors were actors, and each one knew  
how  
To whoop up his art in the sweat of his  
brow.  
He 'd a tragedy air, and wore copious hair;  
And when he ate victuals, he ordered 'em  
rare.  
Dame Fortune ne'er feazed him,—in fact,  
never could  
When liquor was handy and walking was  
good.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And the shows in those days! Ah, how well  
I recall  
The shows that I saw in Corinthian Hall!  
Maggie Mitchell and Lotty were then in their  
prime;  
And as for Jane Coombs, she was simply  
sublime;  
And I 'm ready to swear there is none could  
compare  
With Breslau in Borgia, supported by Fair;  
While in passionate rôles it was patent to us  
That the great John A. Stevens was *ne ultra*  
*plus*.

And was there demand for the tribute of  
tears,  
We had sweet Charlotte Thompson those  
halcyon years,  
And wee Katie Putnam. The savants allow  
That the like of Kate Fisher ain't visible  
now.  
What artist to-day have we equal to Rae,  
Or to sturdy Jack Langrishe? God rest 'em,  
I say!  
And when died Buchanan, the "St. Jo  
Gazette"

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Opined that the sun of our drama had set.  
Corinthian Hall was devoted to song  
When the Barnabee concert troupe happened  
    along,  
Or Ossian E. Dodge, or the Comical Brown,  
Or the Holmans with William H. Crane  
    struck our town;  
    But the one special card  
    That hit us all hard  
Was Caroline Richings and Peter Bernard;  
And the bells of the Bergers still ring in my  
    ears;  
And, oh, how I laughed at Sol Russell those  
    years!

The Haverly Minstrels were boss in those  
    days,  
And our critics accorded them columns of  
    praise;  
They 'd handsome mustaches and big cluster  
    rings,  
And their shirt fronts were blazing with dia-  
    monds and things;  
They gave a parade, and sweet music they  
    made

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Every evening in front of the house where  
they played.

'Twixt posters and hand-bills the town was  
agog

For Primrose and West in their great statue  
clog.

Many years intervene, yet I'm free to main-  
tain

That I doted on Chanfrau, McWade, and  
Frank Frayne;

Tom Stivers, the local, declared for a truth  
That Mayo as Hamlet was better than Booth:  
While in rôles that were thrillin', involving  
much killin',

Jim Wallick loomed up our ideal of a villain;  
Mrs. Bowers, Alvin Joslin, Frank Aiken,—  
they all

Earned their titles to fame in Corinthian Hall.

But Time, as begrudging the glory that fell  
On the spot I revere and remember so well,  
Spent his spite on the timbers, the plaster,  
and paint,

And breathed on them all his morbiferous  
taint;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

So the trappings of gold and the gear manifold  
Got gangrened with rust and rheumatic with  
mould,  
And we saw dank decay and oblivion fall,  
Like vapors of night, on Corinthian Hall.

When the gas is ablaze in the opry at night,  
And the music goes floating on billows of  
light,  
Why, I often regret that I 'm grown to a  
man,  
And I pine to be back where my mission  
began,  
And I 'm fain to recall  
Reminiscences all  
That come with the thought of Corinthian  
Hall,—  
To hear and to see what delighted me then,  
And to revel in raptures of boyhood again.

Though Corinthian Hall is a tumble-down  
place,  
Which some finical folks have pronounced  
a disgrace,

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

There is one young old boy, quite as worthy  
as they,  
Who, aweary of art as expounded to-day,  
Would surrender what gold  
He 's amassed to behold  
A tithe of the wonderful doings of old,  
A glimpse of the glories that used to enthrall  
Our *crème de la crème* in Corinthian Hall.

## THE RED, RED WEST

I 'VE travelled in heaps of countries, and  
studied all kinds of art,  
Till there is n't a critic or connoisseur who 's  
properly deemed so smart;  
And I 'm free to say that the grand results  
of my explorations show  
That somehow paint gets redder the far-  
ther out West I go.

I 've sipped the voluptuous sherbet that the  
Orientals serve,  
And I 've felt the glow of red Bordeaux  
tingling each separate nerve;  
I 've sampled your classic Massic under an  
arbor green,  
And I 've reeked with song a whole night  
long over a brown poteen.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The stalwart brew of the land o' cakes, the  
schnapps of the frugal Dutch,  
The much-praised wine of the distant Rhine,  
and the beer praised overmuch,  
The ale of dear old London, and the port of  
Southern climes,—  
All, *ad infin.*, have I taken in a hundred  
thousand times.

Yet, as I afore-mentioned, these other charms  
are naught  
Compared with the paramount gorgeousness  
with which the West is fraught;  
For Art and Nature are just the same in the  
land where the porker grows,  
And the paint keeps getting redder the far-  
ther out West one goes.

Our savants have never discovered the rea-  
son why this is so,  
And ninety per cent. of the laymen care less  
than the savants know;  
It answers every purpose that this is mani-  
fest:  
The paint keeps getting redder the farther  
you go out West.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Give me no home 'neath the pale pink dome  
of European skies,  
No cot for me by the salmon sea that far to  
the southward lies;  
But away out West I would build my nest  
on top of a carmine hill,  
Where I can paint, without restraint, crea-  
tion redder still!



## THE THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE

FROM out Cologne there came three kings  
To worship Jesus Christ, their King.  
To Him they sought fine herbs they brought,  
And many a beauteous golden thing;  
They brought their gifts to Bethlehem town,  
And in that manger set them down.

Then spake the first king, and he said:  
"O Child, most heavenly, bright, and  
fair!  
I bring this crown to Bethlehem town  
For Thee, and only Thee, to wear;  
So give a heavenly crown to me  
When I shall come at last to Thee!"

The second, then. "I bring Thee here  
This royal robe, O Child!" he cried;  
"Of silk 't is spun, and such an one  
There is not in the world beside;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

So in the day of doom requite  
Me with a heavenly robe of white!"

The third king gave his gift, and quoth:  
    "Spikenard and myrrh to Thee I bring,  
And with these twain would I most fain  
    Anoint the body of my King;  
So may their incense sometime rise  
To plead for me in yonder skies!"

Thus spake the three kings of Cologne,  
    That gave their gifts, and went their way;  
And now kneel I in prayer hard by  
    The cradle of the Child to-day;  
Nor crown, nor robe, nor spice I bring  
-As offering unto Christ, my King.

Yet have I brought a gift the Child  
    May not despise, however small;  
For here I lay my heart to-day,  
    And it is full of love to all.  
Take Thou the poor but loyal thing,  
My only tribute, Christ, my King!

## IPSWICH

I N Ipswich nights are cool and fair,  
And the voice that comes from the yonder  
sea

Sings to the quaint old mansions there  
Of "the time, the time that used to be;"  
And the quaint old mansions rock and groan,  
And they seem to say in an undertone,  
With half a sigh and with half a moan:  
"It was, but it never again will be."

In Ipswich witches weave at night  
Their magic spells with impish glee;  
They shriek and laugh in their demon flight  
From the old Main House to the frightened  
sea.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And ghosts of eld come out to weep  
Over the town that is fast asleep;  
And they sob and they wail, as on they  
creep:

“It was, but it never again will be.”

In Ipswich riseth Heart-Break Hill  
Over against the calling sea;  
And through the nights so deep and chill  
Watcheth a maiden constantly,—  
Watcheth alone, nor seems to hear  
Over the roar of the waves anear  
The pitiful cry of a far-off year:

“It was, but it never again will be.”

In Ipswich once a witch I knew,—  
An artless Saxon witch was she;  
By that flaxen hair and those eyes of blue,  
Sweet was the spell she cast on me.  
Alas! but the years have wrought me ill,  
And the heart that is old and battered and  
chill  
Seeketh again on Heart-Break Hill  
What was, but never again can be.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Dear Anna, I would not conjure down  
The ghost that cometh to solace me;  
I love to think of old Ipswich town,  
Where somewhat better than friends were  
we;  
For with every thought of the dear old place  
Cometh again the tender grace  
Of a Saxon witch's pretty face,  
As it was, and is, and ever shall be.

## BILL'S TENOR AND MY BASS

BILL was short and dapper, while I was  
thin and tall;

I had flowin' whiskers, but Bill had none at  
all;

Clothes would never seem to set so nice  
on *me* as *him*,—

Folks used to laugh, and say I was too  
powerful slim,—

But Bill's clothes fit him like the paper on the  
wall;

And we were the sparkin'est beaus in all  
the place

When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

Cyrus Baker's oldest girl was member of the  
choir,—

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Eyes as black as Kelsey's cat, and cheeks as  
red as fire!

She had the best sopranner voice I think I  
ever heard,—

Sung "Coronation," "Burlington," and  
"Chiny" like a bird;

Never done better than with Bill a-standin'  
nigh 'er,

A-holdin' of her hymn-book so she  
would n't lose the place,

When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

Then there was Prudence Hubbard, so cosey-  
like and fat,—

*She* sung alto, and wore a pee-wee hat;

Beaued her around one winter, and, first  
thing I knew,

One evenin' on the portico I up and called  
her "Prue"!

But, sakes alive! she did n't mind a little  
thing like that;

On all the works of Providence she set a  
cheerful face

When Bill was singin' tenor and I was  
singin' bass.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Bill, nevermore we two shall share the fun  
we used to then,  
Nor know the comfort and the peace we had  
together when  
We lived in Massachusetts in the good old  
courtin' days,  
And lifted up our voices in psalms and  
hymns of praise.  
Oh, how I wisht that I could live them  
happy times again!  
For life, as we boys knew it, had a sweet,  
peculiar grace  
When you was singin' tenor and I was  
singin' bass.

The music folks have nowadays ain't what  
it used to be,  
Because there ain't no singers now on earth  
like Bill and me.  
Why, Lemuel Bangs, who used to go to  
Springfield twice a year,  
Admitted that for singin' Bill and me had  
not a peer  
When Bill went soarin' up to A and I dropped  
down to D!



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The old bull-fiddle Beza Dimmitt played  
war n't in the race  
'Longside of Bill's high tenor and my sonorous bass.

Bill moved to Californy in the spring of '54,  
And we folks that used to know him never  
knew him any more;  
Then Cyrus Baker's oldest girl, she kind o'  
pined a spell,  
And, hankerin' after sympathy, it naterally  
befell  
That she married Deacon Pitkin's boy, who  
kep' the general store;  
And so the years, the changeful years, have  
rattled on apace  
Since Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

As I was settin' by the stove this evenin' after  
tea,  
I noticed wife kep' hitchin' close and closer  
up to me;  
And as she patched the gingham frock our  
gran'child wore to-day,  
I heerd her gin a sigh that seemed to come  
from fur away.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Could n't help inquiren' what the trouble  
might be;

“Was thinkin' of the time,” says Prue,  
a-breshin' at her face,

“When Bill sung tenor and you sung  
bass.”

## FIDUCIT

THREE comrades on the German Rhine,  
Defying care and weather,  
Together quaffed the mellow wine,  
And sung their songs together.  
What recked they of the griefs of life,  
With wine and song to cheer them?  
Though elsewhere trouble might be rife,  
It would not come anear them.

Anon one comrade passed away,  
And presently another,  
And yet unto the tryst each day  
Repaired the lonely brother;  
And still, as gayly as of old,  
That third one, hero-hearted,  
Filled to the brim each cup of gold,  
And called to the departed,—

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

“O comrades mine! I see ye not,  
Nor hear your kindly greeting,  
Yet in this old, familiar spot  
Be still our loving meeting!  
Here have I filled each bouting-cup  
With juices red and cheery;  
I pray ye drink the portion up,  
And as of old make merry!”

And once before his tear-dimmed eyes,  
All in the haunted gloaming,  
He saw two ghostly figures rise,  
And quaff the beakers foaming;  
He heard two spirit voices call,  
“Fiducit, jovial brother!”  
And so forever from that hall  
Went they with one another.

## THE "ST. JO GAZETTE"

WHEN I helped 'em run the local on the  
"St. Jo Gazette,"  
I was upon familiar terms with every one I  
met;  
For "items" were my stock in trade in that  
my callow time,  
Before the muses tempted me to try my hand  
at rhyme,—  
    Before I found in verses  
    Those soothing, gracious mercies,  
Less practical, but much more glorious than  
a well-filled purse is.  
A votary of Mammon, I hustled round and  
sweat,  
And helped 'em run the local on the "St. Jo  
Gazette."  
The labors of the day began at half-past  
eight A. M.,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

For the farmers came in early, and I had to  
tackle them;  
And many a noble bit of news I managed to  
acquire  
By those discreet attentions which all farm-  
er-folk admire,  
With my daily commentary  
On affairs of farm and dairy,  
The tone of which anon with subtle pufferies  
I 'd vary,—  
Oh, many a peck of apples and of peaches  
did I get  
When I helped 'em run the local on the "St.  
Jo Gazette."

Dramatic news was scarce, but when a min-  
strel show was due,  
Why, Milton Tootle's opera house was then  
my rendezvous;  
Judge Grubb would give me points about  
the latest legal case,  
And Dr. Runcie let me print his sermons  
when I 'd space;  
Of fevers, fractures, humors,  
Contusions, fits, and tumors,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Would Dr. Hall or Dr. Baines confirm or  
    nail the rumors;  
From Colonel Dawes what railroad news  
    there was I used to get,—  
When I helped 'em run the local on the  
    “St. Jo Gazette.”

For “personals” the old Pacific House was  
    just the place,—  
Pap Abell knew the pedigrees of all the hu-  
    man race;  
And when he 'd gi'n up all he had, he 'd  
    drop a subtle wink,  
And lead the way where one might wet one's  
    whistle with a drink.

    Those drinks at the Pacific,  
    When days were sudorific,  
Were what Parisians (pray excuse my  
    French!) would call “magnifique;”  
And frequently an invitation to a meal I 'd  
    get  
When I helped 'em run the local on the “St.  
    Jo Gazette.”

And when in rainy weather news was scarce  
    as well as slow,

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

To Saxton's bank or Hopkins' store for items  
would I go.

The jokes which Colonel Saxton told were  
old, but good enough

For local application in lieu of better stuff;  
And when the ducks were flying,

Or the fishing well worth trying —  
Gosh! but those "sports" at Hopkins' store  
could beat the world at lying!

And I — I printed all their yarns, though not  
without regret,

When I helped 'em run the local on the  
"St. Jo Gazette."

For squibs political I 'd go to Colonel Waller  
Young,

Or Colonel James N. Burnes, the "statesman  
with the silver tongue;"

Should some old pioneer take sick and die,  
why, then I 'd call

On Frank M. Posegate for the "life," and  
Posegate knew 'em all.

Lon Tullar used to pony

Up descriptions that were tony

Of toilets worn at party, ball, or conversa-  
ziona;



SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

For the ladies were addicted to the style  
called "deckolett"

When I helped 'em run the local on the "St.  
Jo Gazette."

So was I wont my daily round of labor to  
pursue;

And when came night I found that there  
was still more work to do,—

The telegraph to edit, yards and yards of  
proof to read,

And reprint to be gathered to supply the  
printers' greed.

Oh, but it takes agility,

Combined with versatility,

To run a country daily with appropriate  
ability!

There never were a smarter lot of editors,  
I'll bet,

Than we who whooped up local on the "St.  
Jo Gazette."

Yes, maybe it was irksome; may be a dis-  
content

Rebellious rose amid the toil I daily under-  
went.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

If so, I don't remember; this only do I  
know,—

My thoughts turn ever fondly to that time  
in old St. Jo.

The years that speed so fleetly

Have blotted out completely

All else than that which still remains to solace  
me so sweetly;

The friendships of that time,—ah, me! they  
are as precious yet

As when I was a local on the “St. Jo Ga-  
zette.”

## IN AMSTERDAM

**M**EYNHEER Hans Von Der Bloom has got  
A majazin in Kalverstraat,  
Where one may buy for sordid gold  
Wares quaint and curious, new and old.  
Here are antiquities galore,—  
The jewels which Dutch monarchs wore,  
Swords, teacups, helmets, platters, clocks,  
Bright Dresden jars, dull Holland crocks,  
And all those joys I might rehearse  
That please the eye, but wreck the purse.

I most admired an ancient bed,  
With ornate carvings at its head,—  
A massive frame of dingy oak,  
Whose curious size and mould bespoke  
Prodigious age. “How much?” I cried.  
“Ein tousand gildens,” Hans replied;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And then the honest Dutchman said  
A king once owned that glorious bed,—  
King Fritz der Foorst, of blessed fame,  
Had owned and slept within the same!

Then long I stood and mutely gazed,  
By reminiscent splendors dazed,  
And I had bought it right away,  
Had I the wherewithal to pay.  
But, lacking of the needed pelf,  
I thus discoursed within myself:  
“O happy Holland! where 's the bliss  
That can approximate to this  
Possession of the rare antique  
Which maniacs hanker for and seek?  
*My* native land is full of stuff  
That 's good, but is not old enough.  
Alas! it has no oaken beds  
Wherein have slumbered royal heads,  
No relic on whose face we see  
The proof of grand antiquity.”

Thus reasoned I a goodly spell  
Until, perchance, my vision fell  
Upon a trademark at the head  
Of Fritz der Foorst's old oaken bed,—

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

A rampant wolverine, and round  
This strange device these words I found:  
“Patent Antique. Birkey & Gay,  
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.”

At present I 'm not saying much  
About the simple, guileless Dutch;  
And as it were a loathsome spot  
I keep away from Kalverstraat,  
Determined when I want a bed  
In which hath slept a royal head  
I 'll patronize no middleman,  
But deal direct with Michigan.

## TO THE PASSING SAINT

AS to-night you came your way,  
Bearing earthward heavenly joy,  
Tell me, O dear saint, I pray,  
Did you see my little boy?

By some fairer voice beguiled,  
Once he wandered from my sight;  
He is such a little child,  
He should have my love this night.

It has been so many a year,—  
Oh, so many a year since then!  
Yet he was so very dear,  
Surely he will come again.

If upon your way you see  
One whose beauty is divine,  
Will you send him back to me?  
He is lost, and he is mine.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Tell him that his little chair  
Nestles where the sunbeams meet,  
That the shoes he used to wear  
Yearn to kiss his dimpled feet.

Tell him of each pretty toy  
That was wont to share his glee;  
Maybe that will bring my boy  
Back to them and back to me.

O dear saint, as on you go  
Through the glad and sparkling frost,  
Bid those bells ring high and low  
For a little child that 's lost!

O dear saint, that blessest men  
With the grace of Christmas joy,  
Soothe this heart with love again,—  
Give me back my little boy!

## THE FISHERMAN'S FEAST

OF all the gracious gifts of Spring,  
Is there another can surpass  
This delicate, voluptuous thing,—  
This dapple-green, plump-shouldered  
bass?

Upon a damask napkin laid,  
What exhalations superfine  
Our gustatory nerves pervade,  
Provoking quenchless thirsts for wine!

The ancients loved this noble fish;  
And, coming from the kitchen fire  
All piping hot upon a dish,  
What raptures did he not inspire?  
“Fish should swim twice,” they used to  
say,—

Once in their native, vapid brine,  
And then again, a better way—  
You understand; fetch on the wine!



SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Ah, dainty monarch of the flood,  
How often have I cast for you,  
How often sadly seen you scud  
Where weeds and water-lilies grew!  
How often have you filched my bait,  
How often snapped my treacherous line!  
Yet here I have you on this plate,—  
You *shall* swim twice, and *now* in *wine*.

And harkee, garçon! let the blood  
Of cobwebbed years be spilled for him,—  
Ay, in a rich Burgundian flood  
This piscatorial pride should swim;  
So, were he living, he would say  
He gladly died for me and mine,  
And, as it were his native spray,  
He 'd lash the sauce — what, ho! the  
wine!

I would it were ordained for me  
To share your fate, O finny friend!  
I surely were not loath to be  
Reserved for such a noble end;  
For when old Chronos, gaunt and grim,  
At last reels in his ruthless line,  
What were my ecstasy to swim  
In wine, in wine, in glorious wine!

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Well, here 's a health to you, sweet Spring!  
And, prithee, whilst I stick to earth,  
Come hither every year and bring  
The boons provocative of mirth;  
And should your stock of bass run low,  
However much I might repine,  
I think I might survive the blow,  
If plied with wine and still more wine!

## THE ONION TART

OF tarts there be a thousand kinds,  
So versatile the art,  
And, as we all have different minds,  
Each has his favorite tart;  
But those which most delight the rest  
Methinks should suit me not:  
The onion tart doth please me best,—  
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

Where but in Deutschland can be found  
This boon of which I sing?  
Who but a Teuton could compound  
This *sui generis* thing?  
None with the German frau can vie  
In arts cuisine, I wot,  
Whose *summum bonum* breeds the sigh,  
“Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!”

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

You slice the fruit upon the dough,  
And season to the taste,  
Then in an oven (not too slow)  
The viand should be placed;  
And when 't is done, upon a plate  
You serve it piping hot,  
Your nostrils and your eyes dilate,—  
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

It sweeps upon the sight and smell  
In overwhelming tide,  
And then the sense of taste as well  
Betimes is gratified:  
Three noble senses drowned in bliss!  
I prithee tell me, what  
Is there beside compares with this?  
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

For if the fruit be proper young,  
And if the crust be good,  
How shall they melt upon the tongue  
Into a savory flood!  
How seek the Mecca down below,  
And linger round that spot,  
Entailing weeks and months of woe,—  
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

If Nature gives men appetites  
For things that won't digest,  
Why, let *them* eat whatso delights,  
And let *her* stand the rest;  
And though the sin involve the cost  
Of Carlsbad, like as not  
'T is better to have loved and lost,—  
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

Beyond the vast, the billowy tide,  
Where my compatriots dwell,  
All kinds of victuals have I tried,  
All kinds of drinks, as well;  
But nothing known to Yankee art  
Appears to reach *the spot*  
Like this Teutonic onion tart,—  
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

So, though I quaff of Carlsbad's tide  
As full as I can hold,  
And for complete reform inside  
Plank down my hoard of gold,  
Remorse shall not consume my heart,  
Nor sorrow vex my lot,  
For I have eaten onion tart,—  
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

## GRANDMA'S BOMBAZINE

IT 's everywhere that women fair invite  
and please my eye,  
And that on dress I lay much stress I can't  
and sha' n't deny:  
The English dame who 's all aflame with  
divers colors bright,  
The Teuton belle, the ma'moiselle,— all give  
me keen delight;  
And yet I 'll say, go where I may, I never  
yet have seen  
A dress that 's quite as grand a sight as was  
that bombazine.

Now, you must know 't was years ago this  
quaint but noble gown  
Flashed in one day, the usual way, upon our  
solemn town.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

'T was Fisk who sold for sordid gold that  
    gravely scrumptious thing,—  
Jim Fisk, the man who drove a span that  
    would have joyed a king,—  
And grandma's eye fell with a sigh upon  
    that sombre sheen,  
And grandpa's purse looked much the worse  
    for grandma's bombazine.

Though ten years old, I never told the neigh-  
    bors of the gown;  
For grandma said, "This secret, Ned, must  
    not be breathed in town."  
The sitting-room for days of gloom was in a  
    dreadful mess  
When that quaint dame, Miss Kelsey, came  
    to make the wondrous dress:  
To fit and baste and stitch a waist, with  
    whalebones in between,  
Is precious slow, as all folks know who 've  
    made a bombazine.

With fortitude dear grandma stood the trial  
    to the end  
(The nerve we find in womankind I cannot  
    comprehend!);

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And when 't was done, resolved that none  
    should guess at the surprise,  
Within the press she hid that dress, secure  
    from prying eyes;  
For grandma knew a thing or two,—by  
    which remark I mean  
That Sundays were the days for her to wear  
    that bombazine.

I need not state she got there late; and, sail-  
    ing up the aisle  
With regal grace, on grandma's face reposed  
    a conscious smile.  
It fitted so, above, below, and hung so wel  
    all round,  
That there was not one faulty spot a critic  
    could have found.  
How proud I was of her, because she looked  
    so like a queen!  
And that was why, perhaps, that I admired  
    the bombazine.

But there *were* those, as you 'd suppose  
    who scorned that perfect gown;  
For ugly-grained old cats obtained in the  
    New England town:



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The Widow White spat out her spite in one:  
“It does n’t fit!”

The Packard girls (they wore false curls) all  
giggled like to split;

Sophronia Wade, the sour old maid, *she*  
turned a bilious green,

When she descried that joy and pride, my  
grandma’s bombazine.

But grandma knew, and I did, too, that gown  
was wondrous fine,—

The envious sneers and jaundiced jeers were  
a conclusive sign.

Why, grandpa said it went ahead of all the  
girls in town,

And, saying this, he snatched a kiss that  
like to burst that gown;

But, blushing red, my grandma said, “Oh,  
is n’t grandpa mean!”

Yet evermore my grandma wore *his* favorite  
bombazine.

And when she died that sombre pride passed  
down to heedless heirs,—

Alas, the day ’t was hung away beneath the  
kitchen stairs!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Thence in due time, with dust and grime,  
    came foes on foot and wing,  
And made their nests and sped their guests  
    in that once beauteous thing.  
'T is so, forsooth! Time's envious tooth  
    corrodes each human scene;  
And so, at last, to ruin passed my grandma's  
    bombazine.

Yet to this day, I'm proud to say, it plays  
    a grateful part,—  
The thoughts it brings are of such things as  
    touch and warm my heart.  
This gown, my dear, you show me here I'll  
    own is passing fair,  
Though I'll confess it's no such dress as  
    grandma used to wear.  
Yet wear it, *do*; perchance when you and I  
    are off the scene,  
Our boy shall sing *this* comely thing as *I* the  
    bombazine.

## RARE ROAST BEEF

WHEN the numerous distempers to  
which all flesh is heir  
Torment us till our very souls are reeking  
with despair;  
When that monster fiend, Dyspepsy, rears  
its spectral hydra head,  
Filling *bon vivants* and epicures with certain  
nameless dread;  
When *any* ill of body or of intellect abounds,  
Be it sickness known to Galen or disease un-  
known to Lowndes,—  
In such a dire emergency it is my firm belief  
That there is no diet quite so good as rare  
roast beef.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And even when the body 's in the very  
prime of health,  
When sweet contentment spreads upon the  
cheeks her rosy wealth,  
And when a man devours three meals per  
day and pines for more,  
And growls because instead of three square  
meals there are not four,—  
Well, even then, though cake and pie do  
service on the side,  
And coffee is a luxury that may not be  
denied,  
Still of the many viands there is one that 's  
hailed as chief,  
And that, as you are well aware, is rare  
roast beef.

Some like the sirloin, but I think the porter-  
house is best,—  
'T is juicier and tenderer and meatier than  
the rest;  
Put on this roast a dash of salt, and then of  
water pour  
Into the sizzling dripping-pan a cupful, and  
no more;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The oven being hot, the roast will cook in  
half an hour;  
Then to the juices in the pan you add a little  
flour,  
And so you get a gravy that is called the cap  
sheaf  
Of that glorious *summum bonum*, rare roast  
beef.

Served on a platter that is hot, and carved  
with thin, keen knife,  
How does this savory viand enhance the  
worth of life!  
Give me no thin and shadowy slice, but a  
thick and steaming slab,—  
Who would not choose a generous hunk to  
a bloodless little dab?  
Upon a nice hot plate how does the juicy  
morceau steam,  
A symphony in scarlet or a red incarnate  
dream!  
Take from me eyes and ears and all, O Time,  
thou ruthless thief!  
Except these teeth wherewith to deal with  
rare roast beef.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Most every kind and rôle of modern victuals  
have I tried,  
Including roasted, fricasseed, broiled, toasted,  
stewed, and fried,  
Your canvasbacks and papa-bottes and mut-  
ton-chops subese,  
Your patties *à la* Turkey and your dough-  
nuts *à la* grease;  
I've whirled away dyspeptic hours with crabs  
in marble halls,  
And in the lowly cottage I've experienced  
codfish balls;  
But I've never found a viand that could so  
allay all grief  
And soothe the cockles of the heart as rare  
roast beef.

I honor that sagacious king who, in a grate-  
ful mood,  
Knighted the savory loin that on the royal  
table stood;  
And as for me I'd ask no better friend than  
this good roast,  
Which is my squeamish stomach's fortress  
(*feste Burg*) and host;

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

For with this ally with me I can mock Dys-  
pepsy's wrath,  
Can I pursue the joy of Wisdom's pleasant,  
peaceful path.  
So I do off my vest and let my waistband out  
a reef  
When I soever set me down to rare roast  
beef.

## OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE

THERE are no days like the good old days,—

The days when we were youthful!  
When humankind were pure of mind,  
And speech and deeds were truthful;  
Before a love for sordid gold  
Became man's ruling passion,  
And before each dame and maid became  
Slave to the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls,—  
Against the world I'd stake 'em!  
As buxom and smart and clean of heart  
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!  
They were rich in spirit and common-sense,  
And piety all supportin';  
They could bake and brew, and had taught  
school, too,  
And they made such likely courtin'!



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

There are no boys like the good old boys,—  
When *we* were boys together!  
When the grass was sweet to the brown  
bare feet  
That dimpled the laughing heather;  
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn  
Of the bee in the billowy clover,  
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will  
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love,—  
The love that mother gave us!  
We are old, old men, yet we pine again  
For that precious grace,— God save us!  
So we dream and dream of the good old times,  
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,  
As those dear old dreams bring soothing  
gleams  
Of heaven away off yonder.

## BION'S SONG OF EROS

EROS is the god of love;  
He and I are hand-in-glove.  
All the gentle, gracious Muses  
Follow Eros where he leads,  
And they bless the bard who chooses  
To proclaim love's famous deeds;  
Him they serve in rapturous glee,—  
That is why they 're good to me.

Sometimes I have gone astray  
From love's sunny, flow'ery way:  
How I floundered, how I stuttered!  
And, deprived of ways and means,  
What egregious rot I uttered,—  
Such as suits the magazines!  
I was rescued only when  
Eros called me back again.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Gods forefend that I should shun  
That benignant Mother's son!  
    Why, the poet who refuses  
    To emblazon love's delights  
    Gets the mitten from the Muses,—  
    Then what balderdash he writes!  
I love Love; which being so,  
See how smooth my verses flow!

Gentle Eros, lead the way,—  
I will follow while I may:  
    Be thy path by hill or hollow,  
    I will follow fast and free;  
    And when I 'm too old to follow,  
    I will sit and sing of thee,—  
Potent still in intellect,  
Sit, and sing, and retrospect.

## MR. BILLINGS OF LOUISVILLE

THERE are times in one's life which one  
cannot forget;  
And the time I remember 's the evening I  
met

A haughty young scion of bluegrass renown  
Who made my acquaintance while painting  
the town:

A handshake, a cocktail, a smoker, and then  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

There flowed in his veins the blue blood of  
the South,

And a cynical smile curled his sensuous  
mouth;

He quoted from Lanier and Poe by the yard,  
But his purse had been hit by the war, and  
hit hard:

I felt that he honored and flattered me when  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I wonder that never again since that night  
A vision of Billings has hallowed my sight;  
I pine for the sound of his voice and the thrill  
That comes with the touch of a ten-dollar  
bill:

I wonder and pine; for — I say it again —  
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I 've heard what old Whittier sung of Miss  
Maud;

But all such philosophy 's nothing but fraud;  
To one who 's a bear in Chicago to-day,  
With wheat going up, and the devil to pay,  
These words are the saddest of tongue or of  
pen:

“Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for  
ten.”

## POET AND KING

THOUGH I am king, I have no throne  
Save this rough wooden siege alone;  
I have no empire, yet my sway  
Extends a myriad leagues away;  
No servile vassal bends his knee  
In grovelling reverence to me,  
Yet at my word all hearts beat high,  
And there is fire in every eye,  
And love and gratitude they bring  
As tribute unto me, a king.

The folk that throng the busy street  
Know not it is a king they meet;  
And I am glad there is not seen  
The monarch in my face and mien.  
I should not choose to be the cause  
Of fawning or of coarse applause:  
I am content to know the arts  
Wherewith to lord it o'er their hearts;  
For when unto their hearts I sing,  
I am a king, I am a king!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

My sceptre,— see, it is a pen!  
Wherewith I rule these hearts of men.  
Sometime it pleaseth to beguile  
Its monarch fancy with a smile;  
Sometime it is athirst for tears:  
And so adown the laurelled years  
I walk, the noblest lord on earth,  
Dispensing sympathy and mirth.  
Aha! it is a magic thing  
That makes me what I am,— a king!

Let empires crumble as they may,  
Proudly I hold imperial sway;  
The sunshine and the rain of years  
Are human smiles and human tears  
That come or vanish at my call,—  
I am the monarch of them all!  
Mindful alone of this am I:  
The songs I sing shall never die;  
Not even envious Death can wring  
His glory from so great a king.

Come, brother, be a king with me,  
And rule mankind eternally;  
Lift up the weak, and cheer the strong,  
Defend the truth, combat the wrong!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

You 'll find no sceptre like the pen  
To hold and sway the hearts of men;  
Its edicts flow in blood and tears  
That will outwash the flood of years:  
So, brother, sing your songs, oh, sing!  
And be with me a king, a king!



LYDIA DICK

WHEN I was a boy at college,  
Filling up with classic knowledge,  
Frequently I wondered why  
Old Professor Demas Bentley  
Used to praise so eloquently  
"Opera Horatii."

Toiling on a season longer  
Till my reasoning powers got stronger,  
As my observation grew,  
I became convinced that mellow,  
Massic-loving poet fellow,  
Horace, knew a thing or two.

Yes, we sophomores figured duly  
That, if we appraised him truly,  
Horace must have been a brick;  
And no wonder that with ranting  
Rhymes he went a-gallivanting  
Round with sprightly Lydia Dick!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

For that pink of female gender  
Tall and shapely was, and slender,  
Plump of neck and bust and arms;  
While the raiment that invested  
Her so jealously suggested  
Certain more potential charms.

Those dark eyes of hers that fired him,  
Those sweet accents that inspired him,  
And her crown of glorious hair,—  
These things baffle my description:  
I should have a fit conniption  
If I tried; so I forbear.

Maybe Lydia had her betters;  
Anyway, this man of letters  
Took that charmer as his pick.  
Glad—yes, glad I am to know it!  
I, a *fin de siècle* poet,  
Sympathize with Lydia Dick!

Often in my arbor shady  
I fall thinking of that lady,  
And the pranks she used to play;  
And I'm cheered,—for all we sages  
Joy when from those distant ages  
Lydia dances down our way.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Otherwise some folks might wonder,  
With good reason, why in thunder  
    Learned professors, dry and prim,  
Find such solace in the giddy  
Pranks that Horace played with Liddy  
    Or that Liddy played on him.

Still this world of ours rejoices  
In those ancient singing voices,  
    And our hearts beat high and quick,  
To the cadence of old Tiber  
Murmuring praise of roistering Liber  
    And of charming Lydia Dick.

Still Digentia, downward flowing,  
Prattleth to the roses blowing  
    By the dark, deserted grot.  
Still Soracte, looming lonely,  
Watcheth for the coming only  
    Of a ghost that cometh not.

## LIZZIE

I WONDER ef all wimmin air  
Like Lizzie is when we go out  
To theatres an' concerts where  
Is things the papers talk about.  
Do other wimmin fret an' stew  
Like they wuz bein' crucified,—  
Frettin' a show or concert through,  
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma 's there  
To see that everything is right;  
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care  
Ain't good enuff f'r baby, quite.  
Yet what am I to answer when  
She kind uv fidgets at my side,  
An' asks me every now an' then,  
“I wonder ef the baby cried”?

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Seems like she seen two little eyes  
A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile;  
Seems like she heern the pleadin' cries  
Uv one she thinks uv all the while;  
An' so she 's sorry that she come.  
An' though she allus tries to hide  
The truth, she 'd ruther stay to hum  
Than wonder ef the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike —  
By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest;  
There never wuz a little tyke,  
But that his mother loved him best.  
And nex' to bein' what I be —  
The husband uv my gentle bride —  
I 'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,  
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

## ALWAYS RIGHT

DON'T take on so, Hiram,  
But do what you 're told to do;  
It's fair to suppose that yer mother knows  
A heap sight more than you.  
I 'll allow that sometimes *her* way  
Don't seem the wisest, quite;  
But the *easiest* way,  
When she 's had her say,  
Is to reckon yer mother is right.

Courted her ten long winters,  
Saw her to singin'-school;  
When she went down one spell to town,  
I cried like a durned ol' fool;  
Got mad at the boys for callin'  
When I sparked her Sunday night:  
But she said she knew  
A thing or two,—  
An' I reckoned yer mother wuz right.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I courted till I wuz aging,  
And she wuz past her prime,—  
I'd have died, I guess, if she had n't said yes  
When I popped f'r the hundredth time.  
Said she 'd never have took me  
If I had n't stuck so tight;  
Opined that we  
Could never agree,—  
And I reckon yer mother wuz right!

“TROT, MY GOOD STEED, TROT!”

WHERE my true love abideth  
I make my way to-night;  
Lo! waiting, she  
Espies me,  
And calleth in delight:  
“I see his steed anear  
Come trotting with my dear,—  
Oh, idle not, good steed, but trot,  
Trot thou my lover here!”

Aloose I cast the bridle,  
And ply the whip and spur;  
And gayly I  
Speed this reply,  
While faring on to her:  
“Oh, true love, fear thou not!  
I seek our trysting spot;  
And double feed be yours, my steed,  
If you more swiftly trot.”



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I vault from out the saddle,  
And make my good steed fast;  
Then to my breast  
My love is pressed,—  
At last, true heart, at last!  
The garden drowsing lies,  
The stars fold down their eyes,—  
In this dear spot, my steed, neigh not,  
Nor stamp in restless wise!

O passing sweet communion  
Of young hearts, warm and true!  
To thee belongs  
The old, old songs  
Love finds forever new.  
We sing those songs, and then  
Cometh the moment when  
It's, "Good steed, trot from this dear spot,—  
Trot, trot me home again!"

## PROVIDENCE AND THE DOG

WHEN I was young and callow, which  
was many years ago,  
Within me the afflatus went surging to and  
fro;  
And so I wrote a tragedy that fairly reeked  
with gore,  
With every act concluding with the dead  
piled on the floor,—  
A mighty effort, by the gods! and after I had  
read  
The manuscript to Daly, that dramatic cen-  
sor said:  
“The plot is most exciting, and I like the  
dialogue;  
You should take the thing to Providence, and  
try it on a dog.”

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

McCambridge organized a troupe, including  
many a name

Unknown alike to guileless me, to riches, and  
to fame.

A pompous man whose name was Rae was  
Nestor of this troupe,—

Amphibious, he was quite at home outside  
or in the soup!

The way McCambridge billed him! Why,  
such dreams in red and green

Had ne'er before upon the boards of Yan-  
keedom been seen;

And my proud name was heralded,— oh,  
that I'd gone incog.,

When we took that play to Providence to  
try it on a dog!

Shall I forget the awful day we struck that  
wretched town?

Yet in what melting irony the treacherous  
sun beamed down!

The sale of seats had not been large; but  
then McCambridge said

The factory people seldom bought their  
seats so far ahead,

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And Rae indorsed McCambridge. So they  
partly set at rest  
The natural misgivings that perturbed my  
youthful breast;  
For I wondered and lamented that the town  
was not agog  
When I took my play to Providence to try  
it on a dog.

They never came at all,—aha! I knew it all  
the time,—  
They never came to see and hear my tragedy  
sublime.  
Oh, fateful moment when the curtain rose  
on act the first!  
Oh, moment fateful to the soul for wealth  
and fame athirst!  
But lucky factory girls and boys to stay away  
that night,  
When the author's fervid soul was touched  
by disappointment's blight,—  
When desolation settled down on me like  
some dense fog  
For having tempted Providence, and tried it  
on a dog!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Those actors did n't know their parts; they  
maundered to and fro,  
Ejaculating platitudes that were quite *mal à  
propos*;  
And when I sought to reprimand the grace-  
less scamps, the lot  
Turned fiercely on me, and denounced my  
charming play as rot.  
I might have stood their bitter taunts with-  
out a passing grunt,  
If I 'd had a word of solace from the people  
out in front;  
But that chilly corporal's guard sat round like  
bumps upon a log  
When I played that play at Providence with  
designs upon the dog.

We went with lots of baggage, but we did  
n't bring it back,—  
For who would be so hampered as he walks  
a railway track?  
“Oh, ruthless muse of tragedy! what prod-  
gies of shame,  
What marvels of injustice are committed in  
thy name!”

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Thus groaned I in the spirit, as I strode what  
stretch of ties  
'Twixt Providence, Rhode Island, and my  
native Gotham lies;  
But Rae, McCambridge, and the rest kept  
up a steady jog,—  
'T was not the first time they had plied their  
arts upon the dog.

So much for my first battle with the fickle  
goddess, Fame,—  
And I hear that some folks nowadays are  
faring just the same.  
Oh, hapless he that on the graceless Yankee  
dog relies!  
The dog fares stout and hearty, and the play  
it is that dies.  
So ye with tragedies to try, I beg of you,  
beware!  
Put not your trust in Providence, that most  
delusive snare;  
Cast, if you will, your pearls of thought be-  
fore the Western hog,  
But never go to Providence to try it on a  
dog.

## GETTIN' ON

WHEN I wuz somewhat younger,  
I wuz reckoned purty gay;  
I had my fling at everything  
In a rollickin', coltish way.  
But times have strangely altered  
Since sixty years ago —  
This age of steam an' things don't seem  
Like the age I used to know.  
Your modern innovations  
Don't suit me, I confess,  
As did the ways of the good ol'. days,—  
But I 'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza,  
An' hitch round with the sun;  
Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap,  
Waitin' till school is done.  
An' then I tell the children

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

The things I done in youth,—  
An' near as I can, as a vener'ble man,  
I stick to the honest truth,—  
But the looks of them 'at listen  
Seem sometimes to express  
The remote idee that I'm gone—you see?—  
An' I *am* gettin' on, I guess.

I get up in the mornin',  
An', nothin' else to do,  
Before the rest are up an' dressed,  
I read the papers through.  
I hang round with the women  
All day an' hear 'em talk;  
An' while they sew or knit I show  
The baby how to walk.  
An', somehow, I feel sorry  
When they put away his dress  
An' cut his curls ('cause they 're like a  
girl's!)—  
I 'm gettin' on, I guess.

Sometimes, with twilight round me,  
I see, or seem to see,  
A distant shore where friends of yore  
Linger an' watch for me.



## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Sometimes I 've heered 'em callin'  
So tender-like 'nd low  
That it almost seemed like a dream I dreamed,  
Or an echo of long ago;  
An' sometimes on my forehead  
There falls a soft caress,  
Or the touch of a hand,— you understand,—  
I 'm gettin' on, I guess.

## THE SCHNELLEST ZUG

FROM Hanover to Leipzig is but a little  
way,  
Yet the journey by the so-called schnelllest  
zug consumes a day;  
You start at half-past ten or so, and not till  
nearly night  
Do the double towers of Magdeburg loom  
up before your sight;  
From thence to Leipzig 's quick enough,—  
of that I 'll not complain,—  
But from Hanover to Magdeburg — confound  
that schnelllest train!

The Germans say that “schnell” means fast,  
and “schnellest” faster yet,—  
In all my life no grimmer bit of humor have  
I met!

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Why, thirteen miles an hour 's the greatest  
    speed they ever go,  
While on the engine piston-rods do moss  
    and lichens grow;  
And yet the average Teuton will presumptu-  
    ously maintain  
That one *can't* know what swiftness is till  
    he 's tried das schnelllest train!

Fool that I was! I should have walked,—  
    I had no time to waste;  
The little journey I had planned I had to do  
    in haste,—  
The quaint old town of Leipzig with its lit-  
    erary mart,  
And Dresden with its crockery-shops and  
    wondrous wealth of art,  
The Saxon Alps, the Carlsbad cure for all  
    dyspeptic pain,—  
These were the ends I had in view when I  
    took that schnelllest train.

The natives dozed around me, yet none too  
    deep to hear  
The guard's sporadic shout of "funf minu-  
    ten" (meaning beer);

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I counted forty times at least that voice announce the stops  
Required of those fat natives to glut their greed for hops,  
Whilst *I* crouched in a corner, a monument to woe,  
And thought unholy, awful things, and felt my whiskers grow!

And then, the wretched sights one sees while travelling by that train,—  
The women doing men-folks' work at harvesting the grain,  
Or sometimes grubbing in the soil, or hitched to heavy carts  
Beside the family cow or dog, doing their slavish parts!  
The husbands strut in soldier garb,—indeed *they* were too vain  
To let creation see *them* work from that creeping schnelllest train!

I found the German language all too feeble to convey  
The sentiments that surged through my dyspeptic hulk that day;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

I had recourse to English, and exploded  
without stint  
Such virile Anglo-Saxon as would never do  
in print,  
But which assuaged my rising gorge and  
cooled my seething brain  
While snailing on to Magdeburg upon that  
schnellest train.

The typical New England freight that maunders to and fro,  
The upper Mississippi boats, the bumptious  
B. & O.,  
The creeping Southern railroads with their  
other creeping things,  
The Philadelphia cable that is run out West  
for rings,  
The Piccadilly 'buses with their constant roll  
and shake,—  
All have I tried, and yet I 'd give the  
“schnellest zug” the cake!

My countrymen, if ever you should seek the  
German clime,  
Put not your trust in Baedeker if you are  
pressed for time;

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

From Hanover to Magdeburg is many a  
weary mile  
By "schnellest zug," but done afoot it seems  
a tiny while;  
Walk, swim, or skate, and then the task will  
not appear in vain,  
But you 'll break the third commandment if  
you take the schnellest train!

## BETHLEHEM-TOWN

AS I was going to Bethlehem-town,  
Upon the earth I cast me down  
All underneath a little tree  
That whispered in this wise to me:  
“Oh, I shall stand on Calvary  
And bear what burthen saveth thee!”

As up I fared to Bethlehem-town,  
I met a shepherd coming down,  
And thus he quoth: “A wondrous sight  
Hath spread before mine eyes this night,—  
An angel host most fair to see,  
That sung full sweetly of a tree  
That shall uplift on Calvary  
What burthen saveth you and me!”

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And as I gat to Bethlehem-town,  
Lo! wise men came that bore a crown.  
“Is there,” cried I, “in Bethlehem  
A King shall wear this diadem?”  
“Good sooth,” they quoth, “and it is He  
That shall be lifted on the tree  
And freely shed on Calvary  
What blood redeemeth us and thee!”

Unto a Child in Bethlehem-town  
The wise men came and brought the crown;  
And while the infant smiling slept,  
Upon their knees they fell and wept;  
But, with her babe upon her knee,  
Naught recked that Mother of the tree,  
That should uplift on Calvary  
What burthen saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem-town  
And think on Him that wears the crown.  
I may not kiss His feet again,  
Nor worship Him as did I then;  
My King hath died upon the tree,  
And hath outpoured on Calvary  
What blood redeemeth you and me!



## THE DOINGS OF DELSARTE

I N former times my numerous rhymes excited general mirth,  
And I was then of all good men the merriest man on earth;

And my career  
From year to year  
Was full of cheer

And things,

Despite a few regrets, perdieu! which grim dyspepsia brings;

But now how strange and harsh a change has come upon the scene!

Horrors appall the life where all was formerly so serene:

Yes, wasting care hath cast its snare about my honest heart,

Because, alas! it hath come to pass my daughter's learned Delsarte.

## SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

In flesh and joint and every point the counterpart of me,

She grew so fast she grew at last a marvelous thing to see,—

Long, gaunt, and slim, each gangling limb played stumbling-block to t' other,

The which excess of awkwardness quite mortified her mother.

Now, as for me, I like to see the carriages uncouth

Which certify to all the shy, unconscious age of youth.

If maidenkind be pure of mind, industrious, tidy, smart,

What need that they should fool away their youth upon Delsarte?

In good old times my numerous rhymes occasioned general mirth,

But now you see

Revealed in me

The gloomiest bard on earth.

I sing no more of the joys of yore that marked my happy life,

But rather those depressing woes with which the present 's rife.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Unreconciled to that gaunt child, who's now  
a fashion-plate,  
One song I raise in Art's dispraise, and so do  
I fight with Fate:  
This gangling bard has found it hard to see  
his counterpart  
Long, loose, and slim, divorced from him by  
that hectic dude, Delsarte.

Where'er she goes,  
She loves to pose,  
In classic attitudes,  
And droop her eyes in languid wise, and  
feign abstracted moods;  
And she, my child,  
Who all so wild,  
So helpless and so sweet,  
That once she knew not what to do with  
those great big hands and feet,  
Now comes and goes with such repose, so  
calmly sits or stands,  
Is so discreet with both her feet, so deft with  
both her hands.  
Why, when I see that satire on me, I give  
an angry start,

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

And I utter one word—it is commonly  
heard—derogatory to Delsarte.

In years gone by 't was said that I was quite  
a scrumptious man;  
Conceit galore had I before this Delsarte  
craze began;

But now these wise  
Folks criticise

My figure and my face,  
And I opine they even incline to sneer at my  
musical bass.

Why, sometimes they presume to say this  
wart upon my cheek  
Is not refined, and remarks unkind they pass  
on that antique.

With lusty bass and charms of face and fig-  
ure will I part  
Ere they extort this grand old wart to placate  
their Delsarte.

Oh, wretched day! as all shall say who 've  
known my Muse before,  
When by this rhyme you see that I 'm not  
in it any more.

SECOND BOOK OF VERSE

Good-by the mirth that over earth diffused  
    such keen delight;  
The old-time bard  
    Of pork and lard  
        Is plainly out of sight.  
All withered now about his brow the laurel  
    fillets droop,  
While Lachesis brews  
    For the poor old Muse  
        A portion of scalding soup.  
Engrave this line, O friends of mine! over  
    my broken heart:  
“He hustled and strove, and fancied he  
    throve, till his daughter learned Del-  
    sarte.”













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